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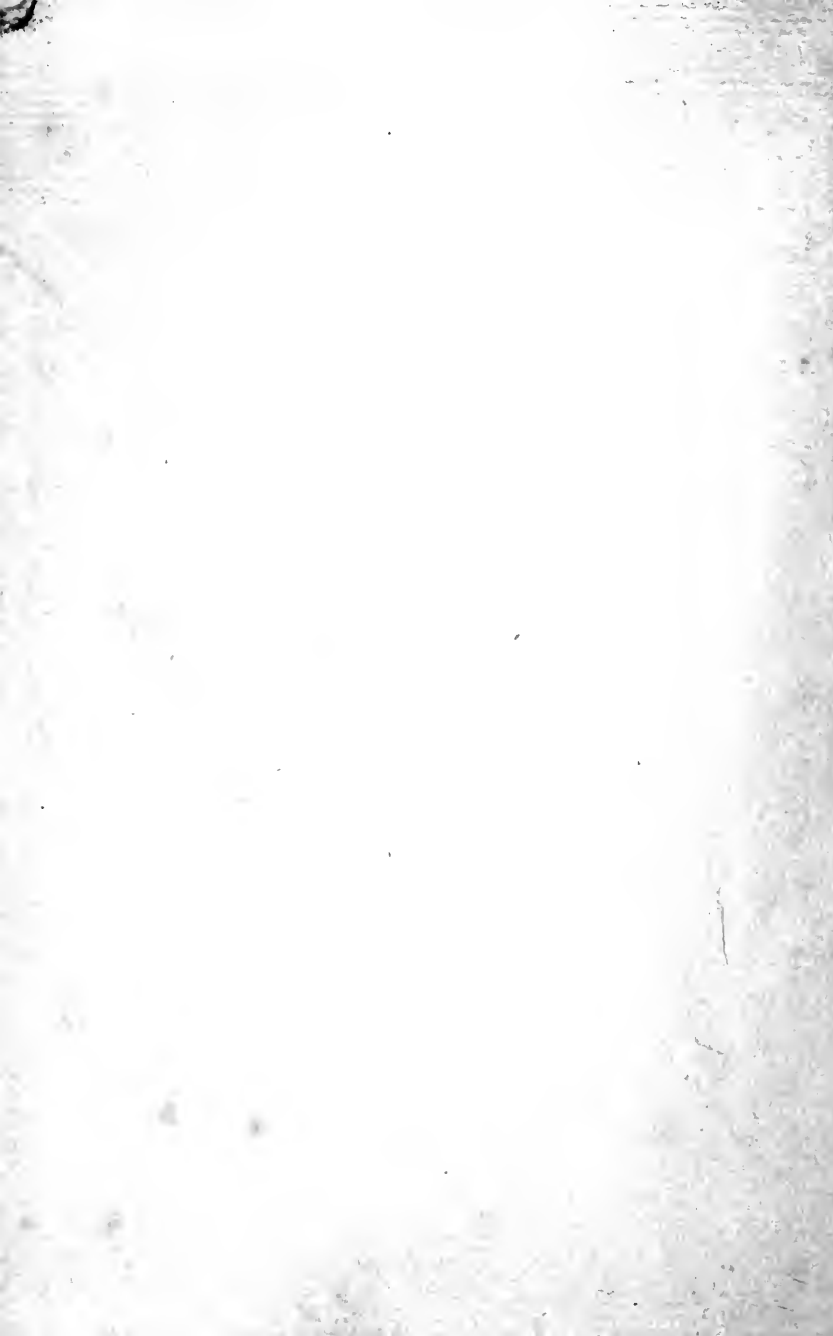


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ESSAYS IN FRESCO

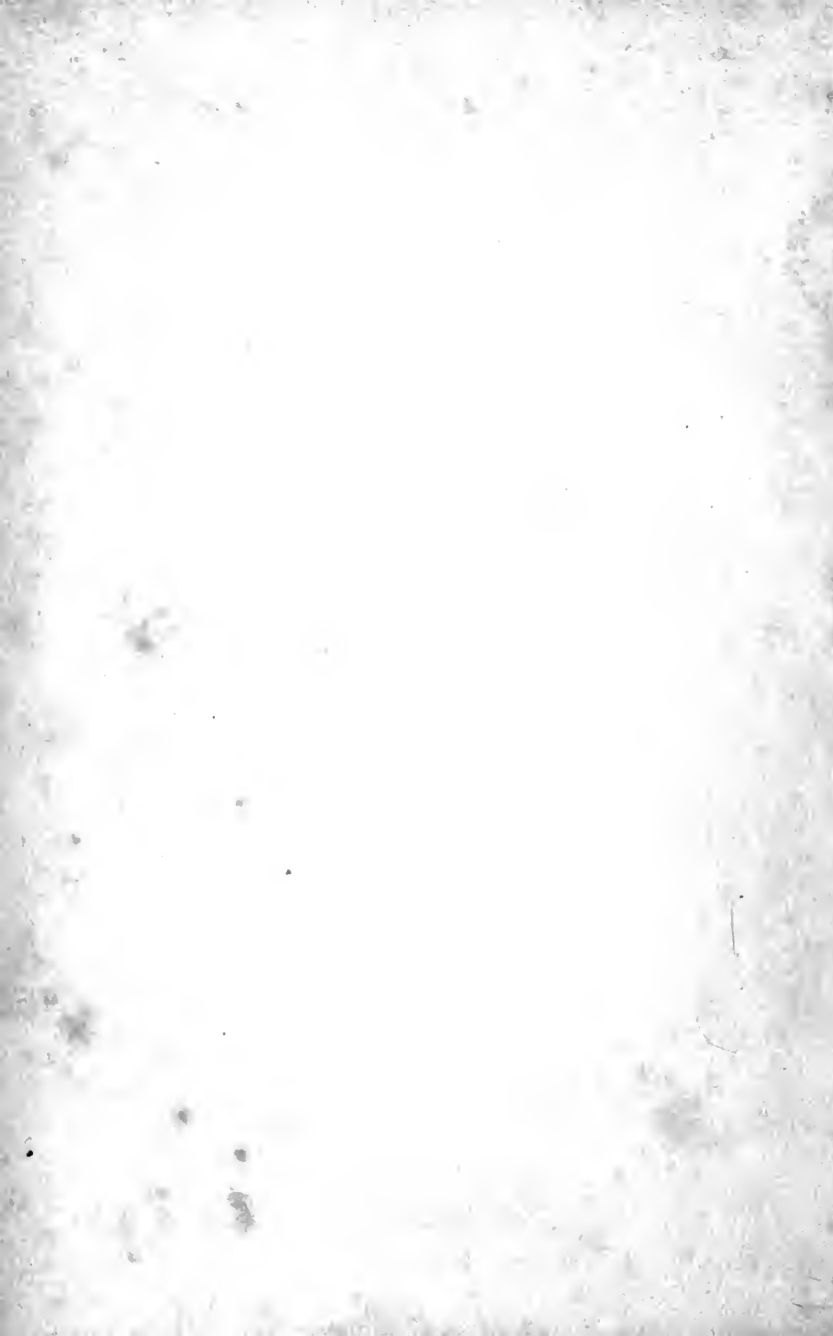






Photo. Brogi.

ÆNEAS SYLVIUS PICCOLOMINI AT THE COURT OF
KING JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND

By Pinturicchio.

ESSAYS IN FRESCO

BY

EDWARD McCURDY

EDITOR OF "THE NOTE-BOOKS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI."

"Others fashion man, I repeat him; and represent a particular one, but ill made; and whom were I to forme a new, he should be far other then he is; but he is now made. And though the lines of my picture change and vary, yet loose they not themselves."—*Montaigne* (Florio), bk. iii. ch. ii
"Of Repenting."

LONDON
CHATTO & WINDUS

1912

WITH SIX ILLUSTRATIONS

Printed by BALLANTYNE, HANSON & Co.
At the Ballantyne Press, Edinburgh

PR
6025
M139e

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A NOTE ON "BUON FRESCO"

I quote from the Book of the Art of Cennino Cennini on "the manner of painting on walls, that is, in fresco," and with this quotation, which I take from Mrs. Herringham's excellent edition of the treatise, I discharge my debt to my title after a manner not infrequent among debtors.

Should you seek further as to matters of pigment and vehicle, which indeed offer a more fruitful field of study than any questions of attribution, the same book may serve your need. The road, although old and disused, and, like the grass-grown Appian way, a strip of herbage, is the pleasanter to wander in when the journey has no very urgent end in view. What journey ever was pleasant else?

Of Cennino Cennini's fitness to speak, his own words bear testimony :—

*"A humble working member of the art of
"painting, I, Cennino, born of Drea Cennino
"of the Colle de Valdelsa, was instructed in*

“these arts for twelve years by Agnolo, son of Taddeo of Florence, my master, who learned the art from Taddeo, his master, who was the godson of Giotto and was his disciple for twenty-four years.”

The chapter on “the manner of painting on walls, that is, in fresco,” opens with a note of high solemnity not unusual in the treatise :—

“In the name of the most Holy Trinity, I will now put you to colouring. I begin first with painting on walls, and shall teach you step by step the manner in which you ought to proceed. When you are going to paint on walls, which is the most delightful and charming kind of work that there can be, procure, in the first place, lime and sand, both of them well sifted. If the lime is very rich and fresh, it will require two parts of sand, the third of lime. Grind them well together with water, and grind enough to last you fifteen or twenty days. Let it rest for some days till it be quite slaked ; for if any heat remains in it, it cracks the plaster (intonaco). When you are going to plaster, first sweep the wall, and wet it well—you cannot wet it too much ; and take the well-

"stirred lime, a trowelful at a time, and
"spread it over once or twice, till the intonaco
"becomes quite even on the wall. . . . Then,
"according to the subject or figures you have
"to make, if the intonaco is dry, take some
"charcoal, and design and compose, and take
"every measurement carefully. . . . Consider
"how much you can paint in a day; for
"whatever you cover with the plaster you must
"finish the same day. Sometimes in winter,
"in damp weather, working on a stone wall,
"the plaster remains fresh till the next day;
"but if you can help it do not delay, because
"when painting in fresco, that which is finished
"in one day is the firmest and best, and is the
"most beautiful work."

The conditions of urgency due to the painter having first to decide how much space should be covered with the plaster each day, and then having to complete the painting of it on the same day, necessitated simplicity of treatment and hardly admitted of any change of purpose. Although these conditions were found practicable throughout that earlier period of space decoration during which all over Italy cloister and fane were being emblazoned with the witness of faith, they proved ill

adapted to the newer aims of the artist in the intellectual freedom of the Renaissance.

Leonardo defines the two chief objects of the painter's art to be to depict first man and then the intention of his soul; the former he characterised as easy, the latter as hard; and this latter was too complex to admit of interpretation by a process so summary as that of painting in fresco. Leonardo himself employed other methods in his two great mural paintings, with sequel of disaster in loss of power to withstand the ravages of time.

The first stage in the gradual abandonment of the process consisted in the habit to which Gennino Cennini alludes of finishing in "secco" such parts of a painting as remained incomplete when the plaster had dried.

After the laying on of the plaster it might happen that the artist worked more slowly than he had thought to do, or grew dissatisfied with what was already done, so that the hand rested while the brain was busy devising new things; and thus it would come about that the plaster dried without the work being completed. Rather than abandon the work, the artist then completed it in "secco," the vehicle employed being the white and yoke of egg as used in tempera-painting on panels. The

parts finished or retouched in "secco" had not the same prospect of permanence, because the colours were not incorporated in the same manner with the wall surface. Vasari inveighed against the custom on the ground that the result was liable to mould. But the convenience of the practice commended it, and even Cennino Cennini, in spite of his admiration for the methods of true fresco, was constrained to approve of the practice of retouching. The word "fresco" continued to be applied to work begun in fresco and completed in "secco," and so in contradistinction the term "buon fresco" was used to denote work executed entirely in the one manner. The proportion of such work to the whole body of mural paintings grew continually less; "buon fresco" demanded a simplicity of treatment which contemporary conditions did not tend to foster.

In the sense in which the word occurs in the title of these essays, the analogy with its more extended use as applied to painting holds entirely true. Whatever the initial outlook, not all proves "buon fresco" when the last touches have been made.

I have chosen from the great pageant of mediævalism a few types—figures for the most part of comparatively lesser note—of importance in their

own day perhaps more by reason of what they aspired to do than by what they accomplished. I have added impressions of a few scenes where memory's enchantment has been potent. To try to recreate stage and figures so as to give life and reality in words is to follow in inception of purpose along the path trodden by the painter of fresco. The work must needs be simple, as befitting types of action ; it must show clear-cut profiles, pure elemental colours, few shadows, and these primary and sharply defined. Such an achievement is found in art in the frescoes of Piero de' Franceschi at Arezzo.

The purpose is that in the case of each figure and outline the hand should register the creative impulse of the brain with such swift decision as the artist uses when he accomplishes the allotted portion of the work in the time which intervenes between the laying on and the drying of the plaster. As with the artist so with the writer, the hand wavers from conflict of purpose, impressions lose their first vitality, the appointed time passes by, and what has been begun in "fresco" must be finished in "secco," if at all. So the result is a compromise, and, just as in painting, the name proper to the inception may stand for the whole.

There is yet an analogy which rests upon surer

ground,—not of intention but of performance. The urgency of high endeavour and the elemental simplicity of purpose visible in their lives,—what are these but the translation into another medium of the precepts of Cennini? They also after their manner were workers in fresco, and the line and colour of it stand among the firmest in the pageant of life. It is this line and colour that I have aimed at interpreting.

Research may gather the materials together : it is the spirit which builds. Montaigne has said : "*We have no hold even on things present but by imagination.*" What hold have we without it on things which are past?



ESSAYS IN FRESCO

JAUFRE RUDEL

I

A POEM by Guiraut de Bornelh, styled by his contemporaries the Master of the Troubadours and by Dante "the poet of rectitude," presents an image entirely suggestive of the relation which Provençal literature bears to the later literature of the Renaissance. The poem is the well-known *Alba* or morning song. The speaker is the sentinel stationed outside, who thus warns his comrade of the approach of day.

"Fair comrade, whether you wake or
"sleep, oh sleep no longer! Softly up-
"rouse! For in the East I see the star
"a-growing which well I know doth
"usher in the day; and soon the dawn
"will come.

A

“Fair comrade, in singing I call to you ;
“oh sleep no more, for I hear the bird at
“song as it goes through the woodland
“seeking day, and I fear lest the jealous
“one may assail you ; and soon the dawn
“will come.”

The bird at song “as it goes through the woodland seeking day,” “que vai queren lo iorn per lo boscatge,” is as a herald or harbinger, “and soon the dawn will come.” Dawn with greater singers—in speech of Italy and France ; and as they hymned the day in full-throated melody, it passed almost without notice that the herald was silent, that the Provençal note had ceased. The hour of song had been brief. William, Count of Poitiers, the earliest poet of Provence whose work is extant, had taken part in the first crusade. Before the middle of the thirteenth century Provençal had practically ceased to be a medium of literary speech, and the language had been laid under an interdict. Between these two dates what a wealth there was of poesy ! What dominance it possessed over the nascent literatures of southern Europe is shown conclusively by Dante in the *De Vulgari Eloquentia*. Alike there and in the *Divina Commedia*, the greater names of its

record, Bertran de Born, Arnaut Daniel, Guiraut de Bornelh, Sordello, stand out with all the Florentine's supreme power of clear characterisation ; and even while Dante was building the memorial the register was closed. A literature of which a period of less than two hundred years had witnessed the rise, zenith, and virtual extinction, is a unique phenomenon. Apart from historical reasons for its disuse, there is a certain air of evanescence in the sum of its performance which forbids surprise at the fact of its brief duration. Although the Albigensian crusade hastened the end, the signs of decay were already manifest. The growth had been too rapid for the vitality of the language. Strength had been sacrificed to flexibility, and the intricacy of metrical structure, however deftly the poet might walk in fetters, had cramped the power of expression and retarded its natural development. As an art it was like to "die of its own dear loveliness," quite apart from papal decrees. Pater in speaking of its perennial theme has said : "Surely such loves "were too fragile and adventurous to last more "than a moment." Something of the same air of evanescence as that discerned by the critic in their art, attaches to the records of the lives of

the singers, which form one of the chief glories of Provençal prose. These brief biographies possess a simplicity which Provençal poetry did not know as a birthright after the first flowering time. They appeal to the æsthetic more than to the historic sense. They are written so entirely in the Provençal manner, that with some it is as though they were set to music, and as we read the viol sounds faintly. Standards of judgment fail us. It seems more fitting to listen and watch the *festa*. Each character comes on to the stage in so many different parts! He is poet, lover, warrior, pilgrim—each in its season—until the arm slackens, the blood courses less hotly in the veins, and the life of action ends in the quietude of the monk's cell. So in the abbey of Dalon, hard by that castle of Hautefort over the possession of which he had fought and sung so fiercely, the turbulent spirit of Bertran de Born passed out of the memory of his world, and the time of his death years later is only to be inferred from a note of the placing of an eighth candle before an altar for a mass for his soul. With some life ended more abruptly, and in the manner of its ending it was the embodiment of dreams. So Petrarch in his *Trionfi*

epitomises the story of Jaufre Rudel “who used the sail and the oar to seek his death :”—

“Giaufre Rudel ch’ usò la vela e’l remo
A cercar la sua morte.”

The life as written in the Provençal *Lives of the Troubadours* is a thing fragile and unsubstantial, of an exotic, flower-like beauty in the manner of the telling :—

“Jaufre Rudel of Blaye was a right
“courtly man, Prince of Blaye ; and he
“fell in love with the Countess of Tripoli
“without having seen her, because of her
“great goodness and courtesy, of which
“he heard reports from the pilgrims who
“came from Antioch. And he made many
“good songs about her with pleasant airs
“and few words. And through desire of
“seeing her he took the cross and set out
“upon the sea in order to go and see her.
“And while he was on the ship he was
“taken with very great sickness, so that
“those who were with him thought that
“he had died on the ship. And they
“made so that they carried him to Tripoli
“to an inn as though he were dead. And
“it was made known to the countess, and

“ she came to him to his bed-side and took
“ him in her arms. And he knew that
“ it was the countess and he recovered the
“ power of sight and speech, and he praised
“ God and gave Him thanks for having
“ preserved his life until he had seen her.
“ And so he died in the arms of the coun-
“ tess, and she had him buried with due
“ honour in the house of the temple of
“ Tripoli. And then on that same day
“ she took the veil as a nun, because of the
“ grief that she had for him and for his
“ death.”

This narrative is ascribed, like many others, to a later troubadour, Uc de Saint Circ, the Vasari of his craft, who died about the middle of the thirteenth century. It has served as a theme for poets and professors.

II

The poetic treatment of the story commences with Petrarch's two supreme lines and ends with Rostand's *La Princesse Lointaine*. Between these are the balladists. Uhland first of all, who retold it with Gothic simplicity and direct-

ness. Then Heine, whose fantasy has it that the ghosts of the knight and the lady step down at midnight out of the faded tapestry which hangs in the ballroom of the castle at Blaye, where they have stood for centuries, and there they are rustling and whispering and retelling their story one to another. And the two shadows pacing the room together in the moonlight are discoursing about life, and dreams, and death, and the lover tells the lady that she is his sun and moon, and that spring walks in her footsteps, with more of the same import, until suddenly the first glint of dawn touches the window, and the shadows are afraid, and scurry back to the tapestry and there take their places; and all is silent in the ballroom where the tapestry hangs mouldering in the sunlight, for such ghosts as it enfolds can only walk at night.

Carducci's ballad on the subject is charged with something of the spirit of the Provençal narrative, which it follows closely. There is a quality of music akin to that of the poetry of the troubadours themselves in his stanzas, as when the poet's messenger speaks to the countess; but the absence of any of the characteristic qualities of the work of the author of the *Odi Barbari*

creates the impression of an experiment in verse :—

“Io vengo messaggio d'amore
 Io vengo messaggio di morte :
 Messaggio vengo io del signore
 Di Blaia, Giaufredo Rudel.
 Notizie di voi gli fùr porte,
 V'amò vi cantò non veduta ;
 Ei viene e si muor. Vi saluta,
 Signora, il poeta fedel.”

The stanzas in Swinburne's *Triumph of Time* form the most vital re-creation of the central motive of the story, and are the nearest to the Provençal biography in their passionate simplicity and clarity of vision. These stanzas also linger like music—such music surely as is “the food of love.”

“There lived a singer in France of old,
 By the tideless, dolorous, midland sea,
 In a land of sand, and ruin, and gold,
 There shone one woman and none but she ;
 And, finding life for her love's sake fail,
 Being fain to see her, he bade set sail,
 Touched land, and saw her as life grew cold,
 And praised God, seeing ; and so died he.

Died, praising God for his gift and grace ;
 For she bowed down to him weeping and said,

'Live,' and her tears were shed on his face,
Or ever the life in his face was shed;
The sharp tears fell through her hair and
stung
Once, and her close lips touched him and
clung
Once, and grew one with his lips for a space,
And so drew back, and the man was dead."

Browning's tribute is in slighter measure. In *Rudel to the Lady of Tripoli* he makes the singer reveal his passion, its fatality, its rare devotion, by the image of the flower which always changes at the approach of the sun which yet perceives it not. So Rudel chooses as his device—

"A sunflower outspread like a sacrifice
Before its idol,"

and of this he bids a pilgrim bound for the East to be his messenger, and to say that though men feed on his songs, and bees bask on the sunflower's breast—

"As the flower's concern is not for these
But solely for the sun, so men applaud
In vain this Rudel, he not looking here
But to the East,—the East! Go, say this, Pilgrim
dear!"

So to his fantasy it seems that "the Angel of the East" may yet cast one gold look across the waters—

" . . . The far sad waters, Angel, to this nook ! "

With Rostand the poets come back with some degree of prolixity to the narrative. *La Princesse Lointaine* belongs, like *Les Romanesques*, to the April of Rostand's achievement. The high midsummer pomp of *Cyrano* is already foreshadowed on their lesser stage, but the effects are more tentative, and this is especially the case with *La Princesse Lointaine*.

The melodious beauty of the slow-pacing Alexandrines would dominate more completely if the additions to the earlier narrative necessary in order to expand into four acts what is really a single incident, compensated at all for the lost simplicity and note of inevitability of the history as told by the Provençal biographer. The first act of *La Princesse Lointaine* takes place on the ship and ends in sight of Tripoli. In the second act Rudel's companion, Bertrand d'Allamon, whose name Rostand derives from the life by Jehan Nostradamus, goes as a messenger from the dying poet to the countess. Bertrand on seeing the countess falls in love with her himself ;

he declares his passion, and it is returned, and it is not until the close of the third act that the countess decides to go and see the poet, who meanwhile is lying at the point of death on his ship. The fourth act is the scene of Rudel's death: the countess rises to the height on which the poet's love had placed her. She announces her intention to take the veil, and bids Bertrand d'Allamon go on pilgrimage. The first and last acts contain the whole story as the Provençal biography tells it; the second and third are a skilfully woven interlude which displays such interaction of passions as the convention of the stage demands, but which by contrast with the rest possesses something of the glare of the foot-lights as against the rare radiance of Provençal sunlight.

The play is noteworthy in lyric achievement. The song sung by the poet in the first act, and afterwards repeated by the countess, who had learnt it from minstrels, is so shot through with this same sunlight as to be like a fabric that glistens in warp and woof.

“Car c'est chose suprême
D'aimer sans qu'on vous aime,
D'aimer toujours, quand même,
Sans cesse,

D'une amour incertaine,
Plus noble d'être vaine. . . .
Et j'aime la lointaine
Princesse !

Car c'est chose divine
D'aimer lorsqu'on devine,
Rêve, invente, imagine
A peine. . . .
Le seul rêve intéresse,
Vivre sans rêve, qu'est-ce ?
Et j'aime la Princesse
Lointaine !"

Glimpses these of cloud-capped towers as seen
in the palace of the poet's imaginings !

Are the walls of the palace set upon sheer
space where only poets may build ? Is the base
on which they rest a thing of fantasy ? Or was
the life of the singer whose love is their theme
actually after the manner there portrayed ?

Here the learning of many takes up the theme
and research places certain facts in evidence.

III

Jaufre Rudel belongs to history. The name
occurs frequently among the lords of Blaye, an
appanage of the county of Angoulême given
in fief to the younger sons of the house. The

title "prince of Blaye" is found in a charter of 1090, and the signiory was sold to Philip the Fourth of France exactly two hundred years later by a Jaufre Rudel, the fifth bearer of the name, who figures in the annals of the family as given in M. de Courcelles' history of the peers of France. From the same authority we learn that the Jaufre Rudel who by a consideration of dates is identified with the troubadour was the son of Jaufre Rudel I and brother of Gerard II, both lords of Blaye, but was not himself feudally possessed of the fief.

Blaye lies on the right bank of the Gironde, a few miles below Bordeaux. The town was of considerable importance in earliest times, being a royal burial-place for the Merovingian dynasty. It was there that the body of Roland was brought after the battle of Roncesvalles; and he was buried with his companions Oliver and Turpin in the abbey of Saint Romain at Blaye, his sword Durendal at his head and his ivory horn at his feet. The town marks the northern limit of the use of Provençal as a literary speech. Jaufre Rudel speaks of his poems as written *en plana lenga Romana*, "in simple Romance speech." Those now known are seven in number, one of these having only

recently been discovered. They bear out the statement made about Jaufre Rudel's poems in the Provençal biography, "*ab bon sons ab paubres motz*," "of good sounds" or "of pleasant airs" and of "few" or "poor words"—the latter adjective having perhaps the meaning of "simple" or "unstudied," as opposed to "*ric trobar*."

Although essentially musical and full of soft lyrical effects, they are not in the forefront of Provençal poetical achievement. They lack the richness of imagery of Guiraut de Bornelh, the fire and intensity of Bernart de Ventadorn, or the deft intricacy of workmanship of Arnaut Daniel. Their simplicity and spontaneity point to an earlier date of composition, and would tend to place Jaufre Rudel among the earliest of the Provençal poets whose works have survived. This conjecture is confirmed by a reference to the poet in the *envoi* of a *sirvente* by the troubadour Marcabrun "*Cortesamen vuoill comenssar*." The *envoi* runs:—"The song and the air I "would fain send to Jaufre Rudel oversea, and I "wish that the French may have it in order to "make their hearts joyful." One of the most famous of Marcabrun's poems is the lament of a maiden whose lover has left her in order to go on crusade, and who invokes maledictions upon King

Louis for taking him away. The reference is, of course, to the second crusade, that of Louis VII and the Emperor Conrad, which took place in 1147. It is a natural inference that the poem sent, as the *envoi* states, "to Jaufre oversea" was on the occasion of the same expedition. There seems to have been no occasion either during the thirty years which preceded or which followed the second crusade on which any considerable French expedition crossed the sea: consequently there was no other occasion when Marcabrun could have sent a song in order to cheer their spirits. Slight as is this reference, it is sufficient to show that Jaufre Rudel took part in the second crusade. The fact justifies the supposition that he was then comparatively a young man. But that he had already gained some repute as a poet is to be inferred from the fact that Marcabrun singles him out from among the French crusaders in his *envoi*.

Weighing these two considerations, it may be inferred that his age was not far from thirty, and that consequently the year of his birth was somewhere about 1115 or 1120.

There is agreement among modern critical authorities as to Jaufre Rudel having gone on the second crusade. There the agreement

ends. The statements in the Provençal biography as to his love for the Countess of Tripoli, whom he had never seen, of his voyage in order to see her, and his death at Tripoli in her arms, Stengel and Gaston Paris have regarded as a *jeu d'esprit*, whereas they are substantially accepted as facts in the writings of Diez, Suchier, Stimming, Crescini, and Carducci, who, however, are divided into three different groups on the question as to the date at which these events took place.

Of these various papers the essay by Gaston Paris in the *Revue Historique* is the most recent, and consequently the view which it sets forth is perhaps the most authoritative, though since its appearance the standpoint of tradition has been reaffirmed with much critical power by Professor Justin Smith. Professors Appel and Monaci have also somewhat impaired the stability of Gaston Paris's conclusions, for while accepting his verdict as to the incredibility of the Provençal biography they have put forward two entirely fresh explanations of the passages in the poems which have been associated with it. Monaci propounds the theory that the songs may have been written to Eleonora of Poitiers, afterwards the wife of Henry II, who inspired

the muse of Bernart de Ventadorn, and with whom Jaufre Rudel "may well have been in love without ever having seen her" (*potè bene invaghirsi di lei senz' averla mai vista*). So lightly does the statement of the Provençal biography become entirely reasonable in support of conjecture, though not of tradition ! Professor Appel is of opinion that all the lover's conceits, the amatory images and expressions of desire which are to be found in the poems, should be looked upon as metaphors which possess a mystical religious significance, and that the real object of the poet's devotion, the *amors de terra loindana*, was the Virgin Mary. But how does the imagery of Rudel's poems differ from that of the many other Provençal poets whose theme has been of love ? Shall one be taken and the others left ? The lady is far away and the poet has never seen her—this the songs say—but the hope expressed, when hope predominates, is of such pleasures as the lover looks forward to when the lady is of the earth, and there one is constrained to leave her, in spite of the instances cited by the professor in which religious ecstasy has found expression in amorous metaphor. Gaston Paris held that the Provençal biography derived its origin from the poet's own songs.

On the hypothesis of either Monaci or Appel, it would follow that the compiler of it was altogether in the dark as to their meaning.

The Provençal biography is interpreted by Gaston Paris in such a manner as serves to bring to mind Watts' beautiful conception in the picture of the "Happy Warrior." "C'est un des symboles " les plus touchants et les plus doux de l'éternelle aspiration de l'homme vers l'idéal : il s'en " éprouve sur ce qu'il en imagine, il risque tout " pour l'atteindre, mais ses forces s'épuisent à " mesure qu'il se rapproche du but, et au moment " où il va le toucher il tombe frappé par la mort. " Heureux encore celui qui, comme Jaufré " Rudel, voit un instant, fût-ce l'instant suprême, " son rêve réalisé se pencher vers lui, et qui " meurt en emportant sur ses lèvres le baiser " pour lequel il a donné sa vie ! "

The beauty of the story gives it immortality. But according to the critic it is not a record of fact, but the creation of jongleurs. "The compiler of the biography, Uc de Saint Circ, is " its inventor. It had its origin entirely in the " songs of the troubadour, and in his death in " the East."

It would seem to be unscientific in method to accept as historical the statement of the trouba-

dour's death in the East, and then to assume that this statement, together with the songs, served as a foundation out of which a jongleur invented the love-story, seeing that these two statements have precisely the same measure of historical support. No authority has ever been cited for Rudel's death in the East other than those which mention the love for the Countess of Tripoli as the cause immediately preceding it. Why, if the one statement be taken as historical, should it be used as an hypothesis in order to infer the fictitious nature of the other?

The Provençal biographies were not avowedly invented. Their authors were uncritical, and at times inaccurate, but they stated what they believed to be true. By contrast with the additions made to them by Jehan Nostradamus in 1525, they appear in the majority of cases ostensibly serious documents. As Gaston Paris observes, "The value of each of them ought in every case to be carefully examined." Uc de Saint Circ, the compiler of many, and probably of that of Jaufre Rudel, is known to have been in the region of Blaye rather more than half a century after the poet's death. The family were then still in possession of the signiory. Uc de Saint Circ would not presumably have any difficulty in

obtaining accurate information as to the facts connected with the poet's death, although the same presumption does not extend to the statement which concerned only the countess—that she took the veil as a nun.

IV

The evidence available by which the credibility of the biography may be tested consists of the Provençal and other mediæval references to the poet, the facts recorded in historical sources about the counts of Tripoli, and Jaufre Rudel's own songs.

While admitting that the improbabilities of the story were not so great in the mediæval world as they would be to-day, Gaston Paris urges that the more doubts a story inspires the more positive and abundant proof is criticism entitled to demand, and in this case he argues that the poetic charm of its details suggests that it is entirely a romance. Contemporary belief, however, countervails, if indeed it does not more than countervail, all subsequent hypotheses of inherent improbability. For these to be in no degree influenced by modern standards of judgment would presuppose an almost incredible

power of abstraction in their maker from the thoughts and sentiments of his own age. That Jaufre Rudel should have fallen in love with a lady whom he had never seen would not appear extravagantly improbable to his contemporaries. The same circumstance is recorded of several others of the troubadours—of Raimbaut d'Aurenga and King Peter of Aragon, who fell in love with the Countess of Urgel and Azalais of Boissozon without ever having seen them. The theme was not unknown in mediæval romance. It was in the introduction to an edition of the romance of Durmart li Gallois, who loved the Queen of Ireland without ever having seen her, that Professor Stengel first impugned the authenticity of the Rudel story, suggesting that it ought to be looked upon as a variant of one of these fantastic love romances.

The later Provençal poets accepted the story as substantially true.

In a *tenzone* between Izarn and Rofian, which was composed about the year 1240, the two discuss the obligations imposed by love, and Izarn says that he has no desire to die in such service. Rofian replies, "Then you are not like the valiant Viscount Jaufre Rudel, who died on his journey." To which Izarn makes

answer: "If the love-sick Viscount Jaufre "knew that suffering and death awaited him "he had no delight in making that voyage." But Rofian refuses to be drawn into the discussion of this point. His reply is, "Jaufre, in that he chose to die for his lady, has won great praise from us."

As Gaston Paris admits, it is not probable that the source of the knowledge of the two poets could have been the Provençal biography, since it could scarcely then have been available. The story must have been already in circulation, and may have accompanied the singing of Rudel's songs.

In another *tenzone* between Peironet and Guiraut, in which the question is debated whether love dwells principally in the eyes or in the heart, it is said: "Love of the eyes is "worth nothing if the heart does not feel it, "and without the eyes the heart can freely love "that which it has never seen, as Jaufre Rudel "did his lady." The troubadour Matfre Ermengau, who lived in the middle of the fourteenth century, also refers in *Le Breviari d'Amor* to Jaufre Rudel as having loved a lady whom he had never seen.

The two last references may conceivably be derived from Rudel's own songs.

They are, however, in accordance with the supposition that their writers believed the statement in Rudel's songs to be a statement of fact.

What may possibly form yet another reference occurs in a *Rätsellied*, or topsy-turvy song by Guiraut de Bornelh, in which the poet likens himself for wellbeing to Jaufre, in that he sings when he should weep and rises up when he should lie down. Jaufre Rudel's love for a lady he had never seen might perhaps occasion the comparison if he were the Jaufre whom the poet had in mind.

Petrarch's reference is so brief as to afford no ground for inference as to the extent to which he was acquainted with the story : his sixteenth-century commentators, Vellutello and Gesualdo, as also Mario Equicola in *Il Libro di Natura d'Amore*, give short accounts of Rudel which are undoubtedly derived from the Provençal biography ; the fact affords a slight ground for supposing that they accepted it as historical.

John Nostradamus, who published in 1525 "the lives of the most celebrated and ancient poets of Provence," expanded the Provençal biography fourfold. He was a brother of Michael Nostradamus, the astrologer, and apparently

possessed something of the same imaginative faculty, choosing the past, however, as the field for speculation. His additions, which are for the most part at variance with historical facts, have been rejected by later investigators, who, however, on cutting away the embellishments of Nostradamus, at first left the Provençal narrative unimpaired.

More than five hundred years elapsed from the date of the Provençal biography before the first suggestion of its inherent improbability is met with. This occurs in the *Literary History of the Troubadours*, published by the Abbé Millot in 1774 from materials collected by M. Lacurne de Sainte Palaye. He refutes the suggestion while making it: "Quoique ce récit ait les apparences d'une fable, nous le croyons fondé sur des facts." If such an adventure was not improbable to contemplate until the eighteenth century, it can hardly have been impossible to conceive of or to essay in the twelfth century.

As regards the counts of Tripoli, we learn from historical sources that Tripoli, after its capture by the crusaders in 1109, was formed into a fief under the suzerainty of the Kingdom of Jerusalem, and given to Bertrand, a son of Raymond de San Gilles, Count of Toulouse,

on the failure of whose issue in 1200 it was united to the principality of Antioch. Consequently, during the whole extent of the period within which the voyage of Jaufre Rudel might conceivably have been made, there were counts of Tripoli, and the title only existed during the twelfth century. Count Raymond I, who ruled from 1137 to 1152, was married to Odierne, the daughter of Baldwin, King of Jerusalem, and had two children, Raymond and Melisende, the former succeeding his father as count from 1152 until 1187. Melisende acquired a somewhat unenviable fame owing to the fact that in the year 1161, after her hand had been asked in marriage by the Byzantine Emperor, Manuel Comnenus, and when all the princes of the kingdom of Jerusalem had gathered together to serve as her escort, the Emperor broke off the marriage contract and repudiated the bride. This insult aroused the indignation of all Latin Christendom. The princess, it is conjectured, devoted herself to a life of good works, and her fellow countrymen, intent on showing that the fault was in no way hers, spread far and wide the report of her beauty, virtue, and bounteous deeds. Jaufre Rudel might very conceivably have heard of it "from

"pilgrims coming from Antioch," as the Provençal biography relates, and so have gone again to the East in order to seek and find the lady. According to Stimming and Carducci, the date of this second voyage was 1162, the year following Melisende's repudiation by the Emperor, and fifteen years after he had gone to the East as a crusader, while Diez placed the second voyage as late as 1170. Against this interpretation of the story must be weighed the fact that Melisende was not the Countess of Tripoli. The title belonged to her mother, Odierne, the wife of Count Raymond I, and it was Odierne herself who, according to the theory of Professor Suchier, was the object of Jaufré Rudel's attachment, and he would have it that the adventure took place in 1147, when the poet went on crusade, at which date Odierne was in her thirtieth year.

V

Let us now turn to the poems themselves. The first, third, and fourth of the songs, following the order in which they occur in Professor Stimming's edition, have reference apparently to a different attachment from that which forms

the theme of the Provençal life. The poet has already seen the lady of whom he sings and she is living in France.

The opening stanza of the first poem is a charming description of spring-time in Provence: "When the nightingale among the leaves gives utterance to his love, and asks and is satisfied, and joyful raises his glad some note, and sits ever watching his mate; when the brooks are clear and the meadows are fair, then with the new joy that reigns over the earth a great gladness comes to dwell within my heart."

The two last stanzas are a farewell to the lady on the occasion of his departure on crusade. The transition from those in which the theme is of love is abrupt, and the note which is struck is not one of regret. "Love, joyfully I part from you because I go in search of what is best for me, and so greatly daring am I that I am joyful at heart." . . . "He who tarries here and does not follow God to Bethlehem, I know not how he can ever be valiant or how he may attain salvation."

Gaston Paris speaks of the love-stanzas as possessing the accents of a sincerity rare in courtly poetry, and considers that the song dis-

proves the possibility of the love for the Countess of Tripoli being a dominating influence in the poet's mind when he went on the second crusade. Undoubtedly the song has no reference to the Countess of Tripoli, who, according to the Provençal biography, was the real cause of his departure on crusade. But it was a leave-taking addressed to a lady in France. The situation is by no means an uncommon one in Provençal poetry. Such of the troubadours, however, as left behind a lady to whom they were deeply attached usually had a less unmixed enthusiasm for departure. They felt the pity and sometimes also the uselessness of the separation. They shared the opinion of Peirol, who lamented that "many a man must say farewell
" and leave his true-love in tears, who might
" stay at home joyfully if there were no Saladin."

If sincerity in love-poetry be moulded of passion and tenderness, it has left far more traces of its presence in the song composed by Peire Bremon de Tort, when setting out on crusade :—

" God himself needs wonder how I could
" part from her, and he must surely hold me
" high in his favour, since at his bidding I
" have found in my heart to leave her, for

“ he knows well that if I lost her I should
“ never have happiness nor could he recom-
“ pense me.

“ Ah! well she knew how gently to
“ steal away my heart when I bade her
“ farewell to come hither ; for never a day
“ passes without my sighing for the fair
“ picture which I beheld when she said all
“ sorrowing : What will become of me
“ who love you, sweet friend ? Why have
“ you the heart to leave me ? ”

Contrast this with “ Love, joyfully I part
“ from you, because I go in search of what is
“ best for me.” Surely the latter song does not
lead one to infer that the lady in France held
any very long lease of the poet’s affections.

The third and fourth songs in Professor
Stimming’s edition contain no reference either
to the Countess of Tripoli or to the crusade.
In the opening lines of the third song the poet’s
apprenticeship to nature is expressed in an
entirely modern manner : “ Singing-masters
“ and singing-mistresses have I around me in
“ plenty, meadows and orchards, trees and
“ flowers, the warbling notes of birds, their
“ songs and cries, throughout all the fair sweet
“ season.”

The metre seems as modern as are those of Ronsard four hundred years later. It runs somewhat after this fashion :—

“Teachers enough in sooth have I,
Masters and mistresses of song
Are glade and orchard, tree and sky
Where birds are lyric, where among
The myriad harmonies of spring
Unwittingly I learn to sing.”

In the fourth song he deserts spring for winter because he has then attained to more delight. “For when a man sets eyes on the “source of his joy, it is surely fit and proper “that he should be more blithe and gay.” But as spring does not begin the song spring must end it, since it is the chosen time of singing.

“In the month of April and of spring when “the birds utter their sweet notes, then it is “that I wish my song to be heard ; and learn “it ye minstrels, and know ye all of one accord “that I count myself as rich and powerful, “for I am freed from the weight of a foolish “burden.”

The three other songs, the second, fifth and sixth in Stimming's edition, have as their theme the “*amors de terra lonhdana*” round which the narrative of the Provençal biographer

centres. With these should also be classed, according to Savj Lopez (*Trovatori e Poeti*), the recently discovered poem in the Campori manuscript at Modena. In this song the poet expresses the intention of going as a thief to where the lady dwells, and says that in so doing he will be in danger as when one crosses the sea. The poem is one of the most obscure, but there is no phrase in it which would show that he had ever seen the lady about whom he sings. That it is an earthly and not a heavenly passion that inspires him is naturally to be inferred from such a couplet as "the night makes me rich, dreaming it seems as if I fold her in my arms."

The second song also opens with the spring *motif*, and the hymn of nature serves as a prelude to the cry of the poet's heart. References to spring become conventional and almost obligatory among the Provençal poets, but Rudel may rather be said to have created the convention than to have followed it, and there is a naïve simplicity and grace in the manner in which he depicts nature in spring sunlight.

"When the stream of the fountain grows clear as is its wont, and the wild rose breaks in flower, and the nightingale on the branch

“modulates and repeats and smooths and refines
 “his sweet song, then it is meet that I repeat
 “my song.

“‘Love in a far-off country, for you all my
 “‘heart is grieving; and I cannot find solace
 “‘unless I come at her call with the incentive
 “‘of sweet dalliance in meadow or under curtain
 “‘with the desired companion.’”

The line, “unless I come at her call,” “*si non vau al sieu reclam*,” is Professor Stimming’s reconstitution of the text after the collation of the various manuscripts; *reclam*, according to Professor Crescini, being used in a poetic, not a material sense, as the latter would imply that the poet was known to the lady. He interprets the meaning to be: “From afar *la desiata bella* is “calling, is drawing the poet to herself. The “sole medicine for his inmost grief will be to go “where she is.”

Even in prose the line would not necessarily imply that the lady had actually sent a message. The expression might with equal probability be used in a figurative sense, and this is still more admissible in verse. There is no statement in this song as to the poet not having seen the lady of whom he sings. It is a song of “love in a far-off country,” and the impression of

remoteness is sustained throughout the stanzas. Certain similarities of expression between this song and those numbered five and six in Stimming's edition are, however, the only ground for connecting it with the story of the Provençal biography. The question of the corroboration really depends upon these two songs. The first of these—that with the refrain, “*amors de lonh*” (“love afar”)—alternates between the expression of amorous and religious emotion. Faith is the means. It is an act of faith this setting out upon the distant journey—this pilgrimage. But there were some of those who took the cross for whom the goal of endeavour was not the holy sepulchre, and among these the poet is numbered. Again he begins with birds singing :—

“When the days are long in May the
“sweet song of birds afar pleases me ; and
“when I am parted from them there is the
“memory of a love afar, and I am sad and
“downcast in spirit so that song and the
“blossom of the hawthorn please me no
“more than the icy winter.

“Never will I rejoice in love if I rejoice
“not in this love afar ; for I know not a
“fairer or a better in any place either near
“or far ; so true and spotless is her worth

“ that yonder in the realm of the Saracens
“ I would be called a captive for her sake.

“ In sorrow and in joy shall I set out if it
“ be that I shall behold this love afar ; but
“ I know not when I may see her, for too
“ widely are our lands apart ; there are
“ ports enough and pathways, and for this
“ reason I cannot foretell ; but let all be as
“ may please God.

“ Joyful indeed will it seem to me when
“ by God’s love I shall seek the abode afar,
“ and if it may please her near to her will I
“ take my dwelling, since haply I am come
“ from afar ; a brave discourse shall then
“ be made when the distant lover shall be
“ so near as to rejoice in the pleasure of
“ sweet speech.

“ Verily I hold the Lord as true, through
“ whom I shall see the love afar ; but for
“ one good that falls to me therein have I
“ two ills in that so widely she is afar ; ah !
“ would that I were there as pilgrim, so that
“ my staff and my scrip might be looked
“ upon by her fair eyes.

“ God, who made everything that comes
“ and goes and didst create this love afar,
“ give me power even as I have the desire,

“ soon to behold the love afar, in very truth
“ in some fit spot, so that the chamber and
“ the garden may ever seem to me a palace.

“ He speaks truly who calls me a spend-
“ thrift and one who dotes on love afar,
“ for no other joy is so pleasing to me as
“ the rejoicing in love afar ; but what I
“ long for is so utterly denied me ! For
“ so my sponsor cast my fate that I should
“ love and should not be loved.

“ But what I long for is so utterly denied
“ me ! All accursed be the sponsor who
“ cast my fate that I should not be loved.”

Gaston Paris, commenting on this poem, says that the poet does not say that he has never seen the lady. While he does not say so in so many words, the inference from what he does say is as clear as any inference can be, for no sentence in the poem would appear to suggest that he is referring to some one whom he has seen. The position is, however, explicitly stated in the sixth song : “ Let no man wonder at me if I love that
“ which I shall never see ; for in my heart there
“ is no joy in any other love, but only in her
“ whom I have never seen ; she has never spoken
“ to me either truth or falsehood, nor do I know
“ if she will ever do so. . . .

“ . . . A far-off love slays me ; the sweet
“ longing is continually with me ; and when
“ my purpose is to go thither in the guise of a
“ good pilgrim, my desires are her hired assassins
“ who have slain me, and nought else may
“ it be.”

“ These two stanzas,” says Gaston Paris, “ are
“ the strongest help to the supporters of the
“ legend. They announce the fixed intention
“ of the poet to go and find the lady ‘ in the
“ ‘ guise of a good pilgrim,’ and they also contain
“ a presentiment of the death which awaits him
“ on the voyage.” . . . But he goes on to say
that it is precisely on account of this strict agree-
ment with the legend that these stanzas seem
suspicious. “ We do not know why Jaufre
“ when setting out for the East, young and full
“ of health, should have foreseen that he would
“ die on the voyage ; while, on the other hand,
“ it is quite natural, if these stanzas have been
“ interpolated by a jongleur who was acquainted
“ with the legend, that they should attribute to
“ the poet a presentiment of his death.”

While, therefore, such passages in the songs
as are in apparent contradiction to the Provençal
biography avail to discredit it, those which con-
firm it are themselves discredited as being prob-

ably interpolations derived from the Provençal biography "precisely on account of this strict agreement." If this is admitted, there is an end immediately to the question of what corroboration of the statements in the biography is to be found in the songs.

But, according to Gaston Paris, other arguments prove the stanzas to be apocryphal. They are, in the first place, in flagrant contradiction to the remainder of the poem. *Jaufre* states positively that he will never see her whom he loves, while in another stanza he declares that he is going to cross (*passer*) to her. Some licence must be allowed to the poet—surely to the extent of making hope and fear as to the issue of his journey alternately predominate. The fact that the stanzas tally with the other songs in such phrases as "a far-off love," and "in the guise of a good pilgrim," is also urged as a reason why they should be regarded as later interpolations imitated from the other songs. It might equally be viewed as corroborative evidence, as tending to show that the same train of thoughts was at work in the poet's mind when he wrote the different songs in which the phrases occur, and that consequently they were the expression, not of a transient emotion, but of a fixed idea

which would be the more likely to result in action.

Finally, the mention of the word "assassins" is held to prove that the lines are apocryphal, on the ground that the sect of the Assassins was not known in the Christian world until 1152, and the word is not found in any text previous to that of William of Tyre, who wrote in about 1180, and so it is impossible for a poet of the extreme west of France to have used it before 1147, especially in the general and derived sense of "hired murderer."

But the word *ancessi* does not occur in any of the manuscripts. It is a reading proposed by Professor Suchier in order to explain an otherwise corrupt text. The lines as given in Stimming's edition are :—

"mei voler son siei anc issi
de ma mort qu'estiers non sera."

They are omitted in the translation as unintelligible. A footnote states that they have survived only in one text and seem corrupt.

Suchier proposed as an emendation to read—

"mei voler son siei ancessi
que m'an mort, qu'estiers non sera."

“my desires are her hired assassins who have
“slain me, and nought else can it be.”

A variant of the same word *assassi* is found in the fourth stanza of the same song, according to one manuscript:—

“me suspir son sei assassi
de lamor no sai qom pera.”

The sect of “the assassins”—the name given to the followers of the Old Man of the Mountain—established themselves early in the twelfth century in the hill country above Tripoli. They became widely known on account of the fearless manner in which the members of the sect carried out the orders of their chief to assassinate whomsoever he wished, whether Crusader or Saracen. The first recorded instance of their activity among the former was the murder of Count Raymond of Tripoli in 1152; but they were responsible for the assassination of the Emir Bursaki in a mosque in 1120, and of the Sultan of Mossoul a few years previously. It is not impossible that before the middle of the twelfth century news of the existence of the sect may have reached France through the returning pilgrims, some of whom would undoubtedly have heard of them—pilgrims returning perhaps from

Antioch ! If we accepted the statement of the Provençal biography, we might suppose that those same pilgrims from whom Rudel learned of the beauty of the Countess of Tripoli may have also told him something about the sect which dwelt in the hill country above Tripoli. The poet's interest in the East, as shown by phrases in the songs and by the fact that he went on crusade, may fairly be looked upon as balancing the argument founded on the remoteness of Blaye, in the extreme west of France, from the locality occupied by the followers of the Old Man of the Mountain.

The word "*ancessi*," "*assassi*," passed into use in Provençal poetry in its general and derived sense of "hired murderer," losing the idea of reference to the Syrian sect. May it not possibly even in its first literary use in western Europe have been used in metaphor with this derived sense? Jaufre Rudel was undoubtedly fond of the use of metaphor, and he would naturally be disposed to assimilate and repeat Eastern imagery.

Some of these points rest entirely on conjecture. If, however, it is adjudged impossible to accept this as the earliest instance of the use of the word, then the suggestion "*ancessi*"

having been found untenable, the line reverts to the pristine unintelligible reading "*anc issi*." It would be contrary to all the canons of judgment first to accept the emendation "*ancessi*" and then on finding it to be an anachronism to reject the whole stanza as apocryphal.

There is a maxim in Scots law which forbids one to approbate and reprobate the same document.

The fact remains to be considered that these stanzas contain a presentiment of the poet's death on the voyage on which he was setting out, and that this presentiment is corroborated by the Provençal biography. Is this a reasonable ground for inference that these stanzas are apocryphal? If, as Gaston Paris suggests, they had been added by a jongleur who was acquainted with the romance of the poet's death, it is hard to believe that the inventor would have been content with so meagre a statement as is that in the song.

Many a one in sickness or in health has had a true presentiment of death. Shelley affords a classical instance. He was drowned while returning by boat with two companions from Leghorn to Spezia. A note contributed by Mrs. Shelley to the first collected edition of his works

states that "Captain Roberts watched the vessel
" with his glass from the top of the light-house
" of Leghorn, on its homeward track. They
" were off Viareggio, at some distance from
" the shore, when a storm was driven over the
" sea. It enveloped them and several larger
" vessels in darkness. When the cloud passed
" onward, Roberts looked again, and saw every
" other vessel sailing on the ocean except their
" little schooner, which had vanished." Only a
year before the poet had written the concluding
stanza of the *Adonais* :—

" The breath whose might I have invoked in song
" Descends on me; my spirit's bark is driven,
" Far from the shore, far from the trembling throng
" Whose sails were never to the tempest given;
" The massy earth and spherèd skies are riven !
" I am borne darkly, fearfully, afar."

No passage in Rudel's songs foretells the circumstances of his death as related in the Provençal biography half so narrowly as those of the death of Shelley are foretold in this stanza.

VI

Fragile as is the Rudel story in the Provençal biography, yet to deny its historical basis in view

of such facts and references as are connected with it involves no mean exercise of incredulity. Assume the story to be improbable, and therefore not lightly to be believed in. Its denial assumes that an unknown inventor composed the legend and ascribed it to a troubadour who had died comparatively recently, and this troubadour, not an obscure individual in whose actual, as apart from his legendary doings, there would be no interest shown, but a prince of the house of Blaye which held signiory in France down to the end of the thirteenth century. This supposition leaves still unexplained and demanding a fresh hypothesis the reference to the *tenzone* between Rofian and Izarn, which is in all probability of too early a date for it to be derived from the biography. We must either assume the existence of two unknown contemporary inventors, or of an earlier common source from which the writers of the *tenzone* and of the biography borrowed. We must also assume that an unknown jongleur or singer of Rudel's songs—himself no mean poet—interpolated verses which should harmonise with this story of the poet's death, either himself believing it or simply wishing to please his patrons by reference to a known theme; and that his interpolations were

so skilful and restrained as to seem to his hearers to be the natural expression of such a presentiment as the poet himself might have had, and consequently were accepted as a part of the original poems.

Poetic utterance is naturally imaginative. It creates rather than records. Yet the works of many poets are as a transcript of their lives. Amidst and beneath the gossamer web of the imagination we may discern the threads of reality. These threads it is one of the functions of criticism to attempt to disentangle.

There is no passage in either the fifth or sixth of Rudel's songs which arrests the attention as inevitably a personal utterance. But such projection of the author's personality is of the rarest in any poetry.

Although the songs lack this dramatic power of self-revelation, they are entirely subjective in method and so form a constant reflex of personality. Half the poet's pleasure in spring lies in the fact that it puts him in the mood for singing. A stave from the nightingale, and then—"it is meet that I repeat my song." He does not introduce other characters, as do Marcburn and the Count of Poitiers. If others are mentioned by name it is as messengers, singers,

or hearers of his songs. He always writes in the first person—the theme being his own love and hope and fear.

He says, moreover, that he loves a lady whom he has never seen; at times he fears that he may never see her, and at times hope conquers fear. He is setting out in pursuance of God's will, and it may be that by God's grace he may come to her dwelling. For her sake he would not shrink from being taken prisoner by the Saracens. He would gladly go in the guise of a pilgrim, that so he might come into her presence. The lady is far off, and his chance of seeing her is to do the Saviour's will—which is, as he says in the first song, "to seek God in Bethlehem." We know that the poet went on crusade, and that consequently, of all the mingled imagery with metaphors of love and faith, those which relate to faith have some basis of reality.

This which we know to be real is, according to the poet, only a means to an end. May we not accept as real the motive of the journey as he reveals it and grant the end as real too, admitting consequently the words of the Provençal biography, "and through desire of seeing her he took the cross and set out upon the sea," to be a statement of fact, and as such to be the

key to the interpretation of much that is hard to understand in the two songs?

This literal acceptance harmonises the religious and amorous metaphors, and explains the abrupt transitions between the two. Nor does it follow that the poet was guilty of conscious hypocrisy in taking the cross through desire of seeing her.

The desire to go to the East in order to seek the countess may have grown up in his heart after hearing the reports of the pilgrims. But the visionary purpose was too dreamlike for him to make the attempt. To the poet as he thus hesitated, weighing, may be, the strange attraction of the unknown afar against the immediate pleasures of Provence, there came the preaching of Saint Bernard and the call to crusade. It opened a pathway. God had given the means. He would go. It should be as God willed. He would seek Him in Bethlehem. Say he was a dreamer between two dreams, a visionary, one of such as make pathetic failures out of hopes, but not a conscious hypocrite in that he took the cross "out of desire of seeing her."

He set out in the year 1147 from the port of Les Aigues Mortes, as Professor Stimming has shown, together with the Count of Angoulême, his cousin and suzerain, and the Count of

Toulouse. This association of the poet with the Count of Toulouse forms another link in the chain of probabilities which bind together the fragments of the story. The Count of Toulouse was cousin and head of the family of the counts of Tripoli, this fief having been bestowed upon a son of a former Count of Toulouse. The two counts came in course of time to Acre. The Count of Toulouse was poisoned at Cæsarea; the Count of Angoulême met the land forces, and did some fighting without much result. However the motives of the count and his retainers in taking the cross may have differed from those of the poet, they did not strive with single purpose for the recovery of the holy sepulchre. As for Jaufre Rudel—here by the nature of the case the songs cease to be a testimony, and history is silent. There is unanimity among authorities as to his having died in the East. If we would follow the account of his death given in the Provençal biography we may do so without let or hindrance from any historical source, and in so accepting it we are repeating the belief of those of his compatriots who have mentioned him in their songs. The two counts apparently wintered *en route*, since they did not reach Acre until the April of the year 1148. During the

voyage Jaufre Rudel was taken with mortal sickness, and his companions, who doubtless knew the motive which had taken him to the East, put the ship about for Tripoli, and there he died in the arms of the countess. If we accept the story of the poet's death under these circumstances as having occurred in 1147, or possibly in 1148, it follows that the object of his love must necessarily have been Odierne, the wife of Count Raymond I, who was born in 1118. It would seem more natural that the story should be looked upon as having reference to Odierne than to her daughter Melisende, to whom it must refer on the supposition of a second voyage. Odierne being a married woman and the wife of a feudal prince, it would be more in accord with mediæval custom that her beauty should be known to and praised by pilgrims, and it would be more probable that she should be the object of a troubadour's devotion than her daughter; for so the conventions of courtly love dictated, and among these conventions Jaufre Rudel was nurtured.

There is no record of either lady having gone into a convent. If Odierne had taken the veil, she emerged in 1152 in order to act as guardian of her son, Raymond II, after her husband's assassination. The taking the veil was perhaps

a picturesque touch added by the writer of the biography, who may have felt, after telling of the death and burial of the poet, that the countess could not be left standing by his grave, and who therefore made her do what he imagined she must have done under the circumstances:—"she took the veil as a nun "because of the grief that she had for him and for "his death."

The conjecture of the double journey to the East avoids some difficulties and creates others. It originates presumably in an unwillingness to accept two divergent motives for the single journey—his love and his duty as a crusader. Diez first sought to avoid the difficulty by the suggestion of a second voyage in 1170 to seek the countess. Melisende, who never was the Countess of Tripoli, but who must needs be looked upon as the heroine on the supposition of a second voyage, had then, during the nine years which had elapsed since her repudiation as a bride, occupied herself with pious works, and the report of her virtues would no doubt have been spread by pilgrims. Stimming and Carducci would place the second voyage eight years earlier. The poet's age at the time when the second voyage is presumed to have taken place

forms perhaps the strongest argument against it. He was almost too old to go crusading, and surely he was too old to set out in search of any unknown countess. Such things may perhaps be done in the green tree, but scarcely in the dry. It was by attacking this conjecture that Stengel first impugned the authenticity of the story, and Gaston Paris has put the objection convincingly : " While," he says, " it is just possible to conceive of a youthful impassioned poet carrying out such a caprice, one has great difficulty in imagining it of one who in 1170 would be at least fifty, and who in 1162 would have passed his fortieth year." The supposition of a second voyage is also contrary to the testimony of the Provençal biography, which expressly connects his departure as a crusader with his love for the Countess of Tripoli. And the poet says the same in the songs as plainly as a poet can, namely that he is setting out following God's will to see the love afar :

" Ai ! car me fos la pelleris

" Si que mos fustz e mos tapis

" Fos pels sieus bels uolhs remiratz."

" Ah ! would that I were there as pilgrim so
" that my staff and my scrip might be seen by

“her fair eyes.” The word *tapis*, “scrip” or “frock” or “wallet” (*tasche* (Diez), *kittel* (Stimming), *saio* (Carducci))—denotes a disguise according to Gaston Paris, and must therefore have reference, not to any real pilgrimage, but to a disguise as a pilgrim, like that which Tristan once employed in order to reach the presence of Iseult. The analogy is exact. Not merely pilgrim’s scrip or frock, but Rudel’s very pilgrimage itself was a disguise in order that he might reach the presence of the Countess of Tripoli. Whom he loved without ever having seen! This is the root of the whole matter, and the stone of stumbling. Are such things done—even in the green tree?

When in Heine’s poem the sun enters in at the casement, and streams through the room where walked the ghosts of knight and lady, it finds it empty and all hung with faded arras. What lies behind the arras—what was of yesterday—this to-day’s sun cannot discover.

We must interpret mediæval things in their season by the light of mediæval things. Try to conceive of Dante’s love for Beatrice apart from those few timorous meetings at banquet or wedding-feast. Suppose he had only seen her picture, “set in a background of pure gold,” in

the early Tuscan manner, or had only had speech with pilgrims who had known her bounty ! Suppose that the picture or the pilgrims' words had seemed to harmonise with the inmost chords of feeling, to satisfy that longing for beauty of which the supreme fulfilment is not love but worship, and that then he had written of her as he did write ! Would this seem any more incomprehensible as the origin of his love than the reality now seems ? Dawn and the dusk before the dawn are as real as noon. Their deeds which were real in their season seem to us as dreams. When all is said, let us away back to the arras. So surely as the shadows lengthen, the ghosts will walk again !

“ Vivre sans rêve, qu'est-ce ?

“ Et j'aime la Princesse

“ Lointaine.”

JAUFRE RUDEL'S SONG OF LOVE AFAR

When first the days grow long in May

Sweet is the song of birds afar,

And as from these I turn away

They bring to mind a love afar :

With longing sore and grief I'm tried,

And drear as icy winter-tide

Are song and hawthorn white in lane.

Never will I love's homage pay
Save only to this love afar,
For all fair ladies in array
Hold not her equal near or far ;
So in my thoughts she's deified
That there where Saracens abide
I'd be for her a captive ta'en.

What joy to me if seek I may
Through love of God her dwelling far,
And should she deign that I may stay
Near to her—I who come from far,—
In fond discourse the hours shall glide,—
And all the bonds of speech untied—
Ah dalliance sweet ! Ah should she deign !

Sorrow and joy attend my way
To guide me to this love afar,
But hope is checked by feeble clay,
Frail are its wings—and love's afar ;
The way is long, the course untried,
And who shall say what perils hide ;
But all shall be as God ordain,

True is the Lord whom I obey
And thus shall see the love afar,
But for one joy therein that lay
Is two-fold grief that 'tis so far.
May love my pilgrim-footsteps guide
With staff and scrip to be descried
By those fair eyes, and sight obtain.

God who made all, o'er all holds sway
And He hath made this love afar,
And unto Him for strength I pray
To follow—where the heart's afar :
To win her presence—first espied
In chamber or in garden side,
'Twill seem a palace that I gain.

Spendthrift of love am I they say
In longing thus for love afar,
Spurning the pleasures of to-day
For rapture of a love afar.
Yet that I long for is denied,
Fell Fate did o'er my birth preside,
So must I love and love in vain.

Yet that I long for is denied—
My curse on Fate that did preside
And destined me to love in vain !

CONRADIN

HE felt no surprise. After the first flush of pleasure he ceased to be conscious that the coming of the message had made any change in the pathway of life. The thing had always seemed inevitable. He wondered at the hesitance of the others. Mother's tears at thought of the coming severance were natural—as his would be. She would not have loved him else. But it was mother's love that first told him of the kingdom and of his father and grandfather the great emperor, and of how when he grew to be a man he should avenge the wrongs of their house. How could mother's love bid him tarry now that the message had come? His father Conrad had won the kingdom in spite of all that the Pope could do. But at Conrad's death the Pope—they were all the same, those Popes, all enemies—had given away the kingdom to the Angevin. To the count whose wife aspired to be a queen as were her sisters!

His kingdom it was. He had been a helpless child and the Pope had robbed him.

The Queen his mother and those about her had feared Manfred as a usurper when he had won back the kingdom. But Manfred was a Swabian and true to his house, and he had sworn that he, Conradin, should reign after him. And when the news came that Manfred had fallen in battle with the Pope's new king, the Queen and all her counsellors had said that they could do nothing, but must wait and let Pope and Angevin have their will ;—wait until he, Conradin, had grown to manhood, and that then he should go himself with an army and win back Sicily.

The years had passed happily in the German Court which had been his mother's early home. But now the message had come, and how could mother's love bid him tarry ?

He had not yet grown to manhood, nor even to the age at which princes are deemed to be of man's estate. The usurper Charles of Anjou was of the years when vigour in action and subtilty in counsel meet, and he had with him a host of the Knights of France ; he could have Papal edicts at will which should launch the terrors of the Church upon those whom the

Church had robbed. The robbers were powerful. It would be no light thing to try to wrest their booty from them. It would be well for him to stay quietly for a time at the Bavarian Court. Let the ambassadors be told that it was a hazardous venture that they urged him to ;—that he was over young for such perils and as yet unskilled in campaigning ;—that he would rather stay and for some few more years be instructed in the practice of arms, and study such books as told the ripe experience of those who had taken great parts upon the stage of life, and learn much whereof as yet his age had not afforded opportunity ;—that they had better come again in a few years, for then he would be ready. Meanwhile it would be best that his people should submit anew to the Angevin for a time in order to save their lives, and that the Ghibellines accept such peace as the Guelphs would grant them.

The Chronicles would tell how in the year after Manfred had been defeated and slain at the battle of Beneventum, the people of Apulia and Sicily rose in revolt against the cruelties and exactions of the French ; and how it came to pass that, when Charles was in Tuscany making war upon Pisa and Siena at the head of the

Florentine Guelphs, the Ghibelline cities of Pisa, Siena, Verona and Pavia sent ambassadors, and that ambassadors were also sent from Rome and from the nobles of Apulia and Sicily, and from the Saracens of Nocera to Bavaria where was Conradin, the only surviving prince of the house of Swabia, to tell him of their sufferings and oppression ; and how they sent him subsidies for the raising of an army and invited him to come in person, promising him that they would all take up arms to help him to expel the French from Italy and to reign in the kingdom of his fathers. And the Chronicles would tell how Conradin, who lived with his mother at the Bavarian Court, sent the ambassadors away, telling them that he was too young for so great an enterprise, but bade them come again in a few years, for then he would be ready. That would be all that they would find to tell of his deeds. O ! mother's love, mother's love, was it to this you led ?

Dynasties pass. Kings die in exile or perish by the sword : fortune's buffets make them the footstools to their own thrones. For his house it was reserved to end cravenly in renouncement. It would be written that he, Conradin, had thought to take his own time with fortune ;

had sent the ambassadors away bidding them to come again in a few years when he would be ready,—and then like a fool had hoped to call back yesterday.

It was no dream-kingdom to which he was called ; if it were he might not lightly tarry for a season, and think after thus waiting to achieve. Even a dream's insistence would forbid that. This was the dream—this little German Court in its security—this cloistered web in which he had been entangled. And he had stayed there willingly, although not of it, knowing all the while what his mother had told him, what everyone around him had told him, that he was only waiting until some day the signal would come, and the web of dream would pass utterly away, and he would go out into the world,—the real world—and live. Now the signal had come, and this old dream of waiting had passed utterly away.

His subjects called him. All Ghibelline Italy called him. The honour of his house, the emperors — Barbarossa, the great Frederick, Conrad his father,—the hopes of his mother when fear did not make her afraid, they stirred in the blood of his veins urging him to action. More potent even than these was his own

ambition,—the resolve that he also should be remembered for himself—to add to fame inherited, to live so that if he had sons, it might one day be that they and their sons should look back to him with pride as he did to the great Frederick.

He would go—whatever were the upshot.

He would go and fight for his people—for his rights and theirs.

Why should it not be that he went to conquer?

Rumour had it that the alliance between the Pope and the Angevin had become somewhat strained in use ; that Charles had no mind to play the part of vassal now that he was king, and that the Pope, on not finding the subservience which he had looked for, had become lukewarm in his support. What other friends had the French in Italy? The Lombard cities had withstood the emperors ; but they were fighting for their own liberties. It was nothing to them who reigned in Naples. They would be little disposed to spend blood and treasure in order to oppose his passage and give the kingdom to the French. Had not the Guelphs of Tuscany once sent ambassadors to offer to help him win the kingdom from Manfred, to whom the

Queen had replied that he was not as yet of age to win kingdoms. They had given Charles the Lordship of Florence for ten years for their own security. Need they therefore fight for him in such quarrels as concerned them not?

Hope's flattering tale, murmuring like music in his ears, drowned the voices of those who counselled him to stay, and so the boy set out to follow his dream of empire. He was strangely young for such an enterprise, even as the years are reckoned to princes. It says much for the prestige of the house of which he was a scion that from so many parts of Italy ambassadors should have been sent to invoke the assistance of one who was scarcely more than a child. He was only seventeen when life ended upon the scaffold. It was little more than a year before this that he had set out to win his kingdom. The cup had been to his lips!—how nearly! His followers had met at Augsburg, and from there they marched by way of Innsbruck and the valley of the Adige—the road of immemorial approach to Italy from the north by which so many had gone forth to conquer. At Verona, where they halted, the boy was first brought face to face with realities. His lack of money to pay an army caused many to leave his

standard. His uncle, the Duke of Bavaria, and his stepfather, the Count of Tyrol, who, as honest brokers, had provided at a consideration for the needs of his force from day to day, were threatened by the Pope with excommunication if they aided the attempt further, and so they returned home, with about half the troops who had accompanied Conradin to Verona, under the pretext of going to procure his election to the imperial throne on which his father and grandfather had sat ; but, after they had departed, nothing further was heard of their purpose.

On the side of Italy the omens were more favourable. The Ghibelline leaders came to Verona to pay fealty, and made offers of subsidies and men. Of more immediate importance was the fact that the Guelph cities in Lombardy, in spite of the urgent solicitation of Pope Clement IV, showed no signs of disputing his passage. He was able, after some months, to proceed to Pavia, and while there received news of the sentence of major excommunication which had been pronounced upon him by the Pope in the Cathedral of Viterbo, by virtue of which his subjects were freed from their oath of loyalty. After waiting for two months at Pavia he passed from there to Savona, where the Pisan galleys

were in waiting to convey him to Pisa. The bulk of his army, leaving Pavia at the same time, crossed the Apennines and proceeded along the coast towards Pisa. It is difficult to see how any military leader, however experienced, could have coped more successfully with the difficulties of an undertaking than did Conradin in his passage through the north of Italy. As a consequence, an enterprise which at Verona, after the Bavarian and Tyrolese defection, had seemed almost an expedition *pour rire*, became at Pisa a serious menace, which caused Charles of Anjou to put forward every effort to collect more troops in order to be able to defend the passes of the central Apennines, and the Pope to issue edict after edict of excommunication with a frequency which served as a measure of his consternation and of their ill-success. At Pisa, where Conradin found himself among friends, he was greeted on his arrival by a scene of joyful enthusiasm, which must have been full of hopeful augury for the success of his enterprise. The city had always been a staunch ally of the Imperial house, no member of which had ever appealed to it for help in vain. Conradin had no need even to make the appeal. The Pisans flocked to his standard; they gave him

subsidies ; their fleet lay ready to do his service.

So soon as it was decided that Conradin's advance should be by land, the Pisan galleys were busily engaged in carrying the war into the south. They harried the Guelph coast towns, they attacked the French at Messina and burned the French fleet in the harbour, while the Provençal fleet only saved itself by flight ; others went first to Tunis, and, after being reinforced by Turks and Spaniards, landed in Sicily at Sciacca, and at the news of their landing there were risings on behalf of Conradin all over the island. The kingdom lay open ; he had only to set foot in it and not a town would be left to his enemies.

All the peninsula seemed to be Ghibelline when Conradin resumed his march. Guelph garrisons were driven out by the inhabitants of various towns at the news of his approach.

In the upper valley of the Arno a force of French cavalry, while marching to outflank his army, fell into a Ghibelline ambush and were all either captured or slain. The prisoners were taken to Siena as a witness of Ghibelline triumph, and there Conradin began to dispense patronage of fiefs and privileges, as though he

had already been elected to the Imperial crown worn by six of his ancestors. The most dramatic moment in his march occurred about a month after leaving Pisa, when the Ghibelline army passed before the walls at Viterbo, where the Pope and the cardinals were visible looking down upon it from the uppermost windows of the episcopal palace. Conradin had been a mark for the enmity of four successive Popes, from each of whom he had suffered despoilment of his paternal inheritance.

“What have we ever done to you, O sovereign pontiff? How have we offended against you that you should treat us thus? Our real sin is the very fact of our existence,” are words taken from a manifesto which he issued when starting out to fight for his patrimony. Some such questions framed themselves again in his mind at the sight of his enemy looking down grimly from above the grim walls. It is said that he caused his troops to halt as though he thought of attempting to take the city by storm, but the wild thought, if conceived, was put away, and the army was again set in motion and defiled past the city singing martial songs. So with token of defiance they marched on towards Rome, leaving the Pope to issue fresh

excommunications to be proclaimed "to the sound of the bell and with quenched tapers." The chiefs of the Guelphs of Rome were in exile, and the city which had witnessed the crowning of successive Hohenstaufen emperors rose as one man to welcome their descendant. The chronicle of Saba Malaspina, who, although Guelph by sympathy and attached to the Pontifical Court, aimed at giving in his history an exact and faithful record of events, supplies a vivid picture of the enthusiasm that prevailed. He tells of the triumphal arches; of how the streets that led to the Capitol were all bestrewn with flowers; of the decorations of the houses, and the festoons across the streets to which the Romans hung whatever they had that was most precious, costly robes and furs, Eastern rugs, fabrics from Sicily and Damascus, knights' purses, silken and gold scarves, necklaces and jewels; of how ladies in glittering attire filled the windows, and of the choirs of maidens who were heard accompanying themselves on cymbals, dulcimers, viols, and other instruments, more shrill than harmonious, yet the effect being such as to charm those who heard it. It was just such a pageant as Rome made when the emperors had come to be crowned; how full therefore of augury!

Conradin's purpose on leaving Rome was to march eastward and effect a junction with the Saracen force of Lucera, the colony which Frederick the Second had established as a kind of bodyguard near to his favourite city of residence, Foggia ; after this he intended to turn, and with greatly superior numbers engage the forces of Charles of Anjou.

This plan Charles succeeded in preventing by the rapidity of his movements as soon as he heard that Conradin had left Rome.

Charles of Anjou had been spending an anxious year. The Pope had checked his first purpose of going to meet Conradin in Lombardy, where any increase in French influence was from the Papal point of view undesirable, by assuring him that the task of repelling the invader might safely be left to the cities of the Lombard League. Charles had therefore spent the intervals of time between his conferences with the Pope at Viterbo in harrying the Ghibelline strongholds of Tuscany, until Conradin's passage of the Apennines and arrival at Pisa had rendered the Ghibelline cause overwhelmingly strong ; he then judged it wiser to retreat south into Umbria, the Pope having at last consented to make him Vicar Imperial and so increase his authority ;

finally he had gone to attack the Saracen colony of Lucera. When Conradin left Rome and advanced with his army along the old Valerian Way which led through Tivoli to Sulmona in the Abruzzi, Charles lay at Sora. By marching with great rapidity he succeeded in crossing the line of Conradin's course and taking up a position at Ovindoli, which would enable him to threaten the flank of Conradin's army after it had passed, and sever his line of communication with Rome. Conradin's army had then reached Tagliacozzo, and their leader decided to give battle. Although he had not been able, as he hoped, to strengthen his forces by those of the Saracens, the troops which he had with him were superior in numbers to those commanded by Charles of Anjou. But at the critical moment fate interposed to weigh down the scales against youth and inexperience. The balance of numbers was more than redressed by the presence among the French of the veteran crusader Erard de Valéry the Constable of Champagne, to whose share in the result Dante pays tribute—

“Tagliacozzo

‘Ove senz’ arme vinse il vecchio Alardo.”

He had accompanied Louis IX on the eighth Crusade twenty years previously, and Joinville

refers to his deed of prowess in rescuing his brother Jean de Valéry when taken prisoner by the Turks.

He had gone a second time to the East, and from this expedition he was now returning, rich in years and honours, accompanied by over a hundred lances, and on his way through Italy he paused in order to salute the brother of the French king. The two armies had already advanced so that their outposts were in sight of each other, and Charles of Anjou naturally implored the crusader to assist him in the battle which was imminent. At first Erard de Valéry refused, because he had made a vow never to use his sword except against infidels ; but he allowed himself to be persuaded by the argument that since Conradin and all his forces had been excommunicated, he would not be breaking his vow in fighting against them. By his advice Charles placed eight hundred of the best knights of his army in ambush in a deep ravine which he had noticed on his journey, but which was concealed by a wooded hill from the valley in which the two armies were converging. The remainder of his forces he placed in two divisions : one consisting of Provençals and Italians he caused to advance to hold the left bank of the river ; behind these

on the slope of the hill he placed the French troops led by the Marshal Henri de Cousance, who was clad in the royal armour and had the banner of the lily carried before him. The two divisions contained about two thousand four hundred men.

Conradin had double this number of troops, consisting of Germans, Spaniards, and Italians. He attacked the position of the Provençal and Italian force on the river, and after a keenly contested struggle he was entirely successful against this force, and also against the troops under Henri de Cousance who had advanced to their support. Henri de Cousance, whose armour caused him to be a centre round which the fighting was fiercest, had his horse killed under him, and then was slain; according to certain Guelph chronicles he was taken captive, and immediately beheaded. The cry went up that the king had fallen, and at once the rout became general. The French gave way everywhere. The conquerors became dispersed; some pursuing, eager for plunder or for prisoners to hold for ransom, some remaining to strip the dead and capture their horses.

Conradin and a few knights who remained with him were so overcome by the heat of the

day that they sat down by the river bank under the shade of some poplars, and there took off their armour. Meanwhile Charles of Anjou, watching the combat with a few of his knights from a place of concealment near the summit of the wooded hill, was so sorely troubled at the spectacle of the destruction of the larger portion of his troops, that he was only prevented from moving with his reserve to their support by the urgent remonstrances of the Constable Erard de Valéry, who prevailed upon him to wait until the moment when the Spaniards of Conradin's force under the leadership of Henry of Castile were all away pursuing the fugitives, and the Germans had broken their ranks and were scattered over the plain. "Now, sire," said the Constable, "let us charge and the day is ours."

Charles at the commencement of the fight had heard mass and received absolution. Later on, at sight of his losses, he had stamped and cursed, calling on Christ and the Virgin whose champion he claimed to be. He now commended his troops to God in a prayer the terms of which showed just such supreme confidence in the right of his cause as appears in the reply he made to Manfred's offer to open

negotiations before the battle of Beneventum, "Go tell the Sultan of Nocera this day I will put him in Hell or he shall put me in Paradise." The confidence would seem to consort but oddly with the cruelty of certain of his actions as a ruler, but it was one of the chief sources of his strength. Swiftly with shouts of "Montjoie" the reserve battalion of the French descended upon the plain. It was the hour of dusk. The Germans were taken completely by surprise. In vain Conradin strove to reform his scattered ranks and make them stand. His followers fled panic-stricken and bore him with them in their flight and the French were left masters of the field. They kept their ranks in order, and from time to time various bands of Germans who had gone in pursuit of the defeated troops of Charles kept returning to the camp, not knowing that the French held it; these were all slain as they returned.

When after nightfall Henry of Castile and the Spaniards returned from the pursuit of fugitives they at first mistook the French for the troops of Conradin, but they rallied as soon as they discovered their mistake and the fight raged fiercely; the issue hung in the balance until the French by a last ruse of flight lured

the Spaniards to the spot where the King's bodyguard was stationed in reserve. Charles kept his force in ranks all night for fear of a possible ambush, and as soon as the day broke he followed hard after the fugitives, giving no quarter to any. In the despatch which he sent on the following day to the Pope to acquaint him with the victory, he spoke of the slaughter which followed the battle of Beneventum as having been light by comparison with this. "*Illa strages quae in campo Beneventano facta fuit, hujus respectu valde modica fuit.*"

There would be no kingdom for Conradin. He had played for a great stake, and he had to stand the hazard of the die. That he did this with entire fortitude is to be gathered from Guelph and Ghibelline chroniclers alike, and from the pages of Cherrier and Giannone.

The memory of the great hope of the adventure constrains one to curtail the record of what befell him after that hope had passed.

Rome, which had fêted him, refused to admit him after defeat. A month later she was fêting the conqueror. He fled, together with a few companions disguised as peasants of the *Maremma*, and succeeded in reaching Astura, a small fishing village to the south of Nettuno,

where was a castle belonging to the family of Frangipani. There a small vessel was procured on which they embarked, intending to return to Pisa. But the Frangipani who was lord of the castle of Astura guessed the identity of the travellers on being told of their arrival and hurried departure, and started in a larger vessel and took them all prisoners. Conradin is said to have questioned the sailors when the larger vessel pursued them as to who it belonged to, and on hearing the name remarked, "He is a friend; my grandfather showered benefits upon his family, and created him a knight."

Frangipani brought his prisoners back to Astura, and after a short period of hesitation as to what course he should follow in order to reap the utmost advantage from the capture, he was induced, partly by the promise of rewards, partly by the threat to take his castle by storm, to surrender the prisoners to the Admiral of the Provençal fleet, Robert de Lavena. Lavena sent them under a strong escort to Charles of Anjou, who caused them to be placed in the castle of San Pietro at Palestrina, and subsequently had them removed to Naples. Then there followed the formality of a trial. Charles caused two representatives to be summoned from

each of the chief cities of the two provinces which were most hostile to the house of Swabia, and with these sat certain jurisconsults from various towns of Italy and certain of the French and Neapolitan barons. The counts of the indictment were, among others, that Conradin had disturbed the public peace, had conspired against the crown, had assumed the title of king, and had attempted Charles's life.

The jurisconsults, the French, and all who had not settled in the kingdom expressed the opinion that Conradin had the right to be treated as a prisoner of war. Only one of the judges, a Genoese, voted for his condemnation. Those who had received or hoped for confiscated fiefs maintaining silence, Charles of Anjou counted all their votes as adverse, and voting himself for death, he pronounced sentence. On October the 29th, 1268, two months after the battle of Tagliacozzo, the sentence was carried out in the Piazza del Mercato at Naples. History records no greater judicial crime.

"O mother, what anguish my sad fate will cause you!" is an utterance of the days of his captivity recorded by Saba Malaspina. A tradition long existed in Naples that as soon as Elizabeth of Bavaria heard of her son's captivity she

set out with much money for his ransom, and arrived off the harbour on a ship draped in black, and there found that she was too late, for her son had already suffered on the scaffold.

He was only seventeen. The years of action on the stage of life as others know them had not yet dawned. He had set out a year before to follow his dream of empire. How nearly the cup had been to his lips! At Verona—when the Ghibelline lords had come offering fealty. At Pisa—where amid the plaudits he had seemed to be entering on the traditional way, treading in the footsteps of his fathers. At Rome, too, where the welcome was as to an Emperor-elect, and its warmth a tribute to what he had already accomplished. Lastly, at Tagliacozzo, resting on the battle-field, the victory won, the French vanquished, in flight or prisoners, and he, unconscious of the French ambush, face to face at last with the morrow of achievement.—The vista! How near the cup had seemed ere it was dashed away! The attack in the dusk—the panic of his men—the hurried flight with death following hard on their footsteps—until Astura was reached and with the vessel it seemed that safety at last was gained, and heading with the wind for Pisa or Sicily he would begin at once to form new plans

of gathering a fresh army ;—then the pursuit, the capture, the trial and sentence, and the last scene at Naples in the Mercato. He was only seventeen.

Yet who shall gainsay he drank of the cup of life a draught full-beaded and rich. Richer than ever he had quaffed, however many years he had passed in the German Court, conjuring realities in thought from the futile hopes of exile, waiting, hoping, intriguing, seeking perhaps the clearer mandate, the venture less hazardous, knowing the bitterness of exile's bread, the hardness of another's stairs ; the edge of feeling dulled insensibly by custom, the full tide of ambition and despair receding, the poignancy of boy's hopes gone, and life itself ebbing away in the shallows of half-ambitions and half-regrets.

THE LADY OF ASOLO

It was a lesser kingdom by far than that which she had known. A few roods of earth and a castle-crowned hill ! Were each blade of grass a subject they would scarcely more than suffice for the insignia of sovereignty. Her palace stood four-square to the winds of heaven, and from morning until evening the sun decked it with its radiance. It lay apart on a road that led no-whither, in the wooded borderland of plain and mountain ; there went only such as did obeisance to its mistress ; and so the mimic court did its round with all solemnity. Even this was sovereignty such as she had never known in her island kingdom of Famagosta, where amid the rival Cypriote factions she walked as a puppet moved by Venetian strings. At her betrothal she had been formally recognised as a Daughter of the Republic, and the Mother thus self-appointed had constituted herself a guardian in the days of widowhood which followed her daughter's



Photo. Hanjstuengl.

CATERINA CORNARO

By Gentile Bellini.



brief year of marriage, and afterwards had tired of her work of tutelage, and weary of waiting to succeed had despoiled her own daughter of her inheritance. Of all her dignities the titles only had been left, and a brave show they made. Queen of Cyprus, of Armenia, and of Jerusalem ! The two last were never more than names, and her sovereignty suffered no encroachment in the surrender. The first, during all the years of its existence, had seemed such a one as might well pass away with the melting of the snows of winter kingship. In solace for the enforced abandonment of this half-reality, borne with a quiet dignity and laid down with regal fortitude, the Republic had welcomed her with pomp of fête and banqueting, conferring yet another title upon her who had so many, and had found so little profit in them all. As "Lady of Asolo" she still enjoyed a limited sovereignty in that mimic kingdom which cherishes her name ; and this sovereignty endures. It falls to the lot of few monarchs to reign so securely in the hearts of their people as does the memory of Caterina Cornaro, "La Regina Corner."

More than three hundred years after the coming of the Queen a poet came to the city. He went there first in youth, in the fiery dawn

of high purpose, and this served as a talisman to transmute the wonder of the beholder to the utterance of his art. Twice again sojourning there in the tranquil evening of life, he—like the Queen—was busy with his calling. Gone is the old rapture and the noontide heat ! Yet there is a glow in what tarries.

“ How many a year, my Asolo,

“ Since—one step just from sea to land—

“ I found you, loved yet feared you so—

“ For natural objects seemed to stand

“ Palpably fire-clothed ! No—

“ No mastery of mine o’er these !

“ Terror with beauty, like the Bush

“ Burning but unconsumed. Bend knees,

“ Drop eyes to earthward ! Language ? Tush !

“ Silence ’t is awe decrees.

“ And now ? The lambent flame is—where ?

“ Lost from the naked world : earth, sky,

“ Hill, vale, tree, flower,—Italia’s rare

“ O’er-running beauty crowds the eye—

“ But flame ? The Bush is bare.”

It is at Asolo that the poet gave local habitation to one of the dreams which took shape when the flame was burning most brightly.

The name of the Queen is lilted in musical refrain in one of the songs of Pippa the silk-

worker, who, by her singing as she passes by on her yearly holiday, becomes all unwittingly an influence to great issues in the lives of those she looks upon as "Asolo's Four Happiest Ones." The song is sung by a page who loved the Queen and grieved to see her above all need of him.

"Give her but a least excuse to love me!

"When—where—

"How—can this arm establish her above me,

"If fortune fixed her as my lady there,

"There already, to eternally reprove me?

"('Hist!'—said Kate the Queen;

"But 'Oh!'—cried the maiden, binding her tresses,

"'Tis only a page that carols unseen,

"'Crumbling your hounds their messes!')

The mention of the Queen's name starts the train of thought of the sculptor Jules upon the story.

"What name was that the little girl sang forth?

"Kate? The Cornaro, doubtless, who renounced

"The crown of Cyprus to be lady here

"At Asolo, where still her memory stays,

"And peasants sing how once a certain page

"Pined for the grace of her so far above

"His power of doing good to 'Kate the Queen—

"She never could be wronged, be poor,' he sighed,

"'Need him to help her!')

By an abrupt yet natural transition which serves to reveal the inherent strength and sure psychological basis of the dramatic element in Browning's poetry, the mind of Jules is turned from its first outburst of anger against the contrivers of the plot of his marriage, and the song of Pippa is the pivot on which it turns. Phene the girl model, having said her part and bared her soul, stands before him in utter self-abasement waiting for judgment, pitifully conscious at last in the new-found womanhood to which his love has raised her of the vile nature of the trick that has been played upon him. Jules, after musing on the bitterness of the page's part in that he could do nothing for his Queen, turns from the song with anger and thoughts of vengeance dissolved as mist before the opening vista of the reality—this woman in utter need of him, this woman with the new soul, and that soul his—

“ I find myself queen here, it seems ! ”

and as such he gives with royal bounty,

“ Scatter all this, my Phene—this mad dream !

“ Who, what is Lutwyche, what Natalia's friends,

“ What the whole world except our love—my own,

“ Own Phene ? ”

So the poet sang of the Queen in true courtly fashion, as of a lady high above all need of love, the tale of whose page's devotion is potent to cause love to triumph in the supreme crisis of two lives there

"At Asolo, where still her memory stays."

If a second memory can endure in Asolo in presence of that of the Queen, it should surely be that of the poet. The two seem to be the only abiding links which time has forged between the immobile life of the hill city, in harmony with nature which passes and repasses with the same phenomena of change, and that crowded larger life of deeds and desires of the world without. Each serves to exalt the city above its fellows. There upon a time came the Queen from the Orient, bearing, with the relics of her former state, those gentler prerogatives which made all the Veneto her subjects. There also came the poet on foot from Venice as a pilgrim to a shrine, and drawn in wonder again and again returning, interpreting the beauty of her life in the book of his art, and voicing the homage of a lifetime in his latest song.

A garden now covers the site of the castle or palace of the Queen, of which all that remains,

other than the foundation walls, is one tower and a portion of another ; the former, "the tower of the Queen," now gives the time to Asolo. At the south-eastern extremity, divided from the garden by a high wall, is a villa, light and aerial in structure, surmounted by a tower of striking beauty which rises tall and fair as a lily from its sheath. It is known as the Torricella Browning, and the site on which it stands was part of the area over which the castle extended, and being a desert waste was alienated by the Commune in order to gratify a desire expressed by Robert Browning.

The villa has been erected there by the son of the poet in fulfilment of his father's wish. Proudly ensconced on the spur of the hill on which the castle stood, overlooking the plain of the Veneto, with cool loggias and shaded marble terraces to temper the summer heat, it serves to express that sense of *asolare* "to disport in the open air," of which the poet makes mention in the preface to *Asolando*.

The poet's own dwelling-place was a modest apartment in the Casa Tabacchi, where a marble tablet has been affixed by the Commune. "In "questa casa dimorò—Roberto Browning—"sommo poeta inglese—vi compose *Asolando*." There the familiar objects and simple furniture

which served his daily needs are tended with a reverence such as might be used by the guardian of a shrine. The room where he worked looks out on a narrow street leading to the castle, perhaps the same along which the Queen passed when first she entered the city. There perforce the thought attends her and the scene serves as its setting. Age sits lightly there as a garment, and four hundred years in passing have left few marks of their presence. Of the enthusiasm of that scene, of the crowds that witnessed it, of the feasting and ovation, the chroniclers furnish a precise record. Something of the same spirit still manifests itself on occasion. The birth of Prince Humbert of Piedmont afforded the writer an example of the town's capacity for enthusiasm.

No sooner had the news arrived than the day was proclaimed a *festa* and all work ceased. The town proceeded forthwith to bedeck itself in rainbow-coloured lanterns in preparation for the evening, when what seemed to be the whole population was assembled at a concert in the piazza. What the full programme would have been will never be known; for upwards of an hour the audience insisted on the continual repetition of the national hymn to Garibaldi.

This was for the birth of a prince far away in Rome, and the significance of the event was shared with the other cities of Italy! What a scene was there witnessed at the coming of a Queen of their own to dwell among them!

Two of the leading citizens were sent to meet her at Treviso in order to offer her the homage and loyalty of the city, but she had hurried on and was already half-way to Asolo when they met, and so the pageant of entry had to be curtailed. She had perhaps had a surfeit of these things at Venice during the gilding over of the bitter fact of her deposition. Colbertaldi tells of the joy of the inhabitants of Asolo on hearing that the Queen had chosen the city as her place of residence, and the remembrance of that concert in the piazza goes far to show that the joy found unfettered utterance. The Queen walked under a canopy of cloth of gold borne by nobles; children went to meet her bearing olive branches; four thousand people paid their court. She was accompanied by a chaplain from Cyprus, a German doctor, and a secretary; the last possessed the further qualifications of being an excellent poet and a mediocre philosopher. There was of course a dwarf to hold her train, and she was attended by twelve maidens of noble

lineage and twelve pages dressed in the Cypriot fashion.

The procession wended its way to the Church of S. Maria di Breda, then as now styled the Cathedral, although, like the Queen, it had suffered despoilment of its dignities, having been bestowed in the tenth century with the castle of Asolo upon the church of Treviso by a decree of the Emperor Otto I. After being present in the church during the performance of a solemn *Te Deum*, the Queen proceeded to the castle, which had been assigned to her as a residence. There she rested, and on the following day she listened to the address of welcome delivered by the public orator, Taddeo Bovolino, under the loggia of the palace. There were varied courses in that feast of rhetoric; simples culled from Tuscan gardens, and meats heavy with garnish of Greece and Rome. High-flown conceits and dithyrambic metaphors amble oddly through the orator's periods. "Oh, happy land of Asolo!" runs the peroration. "Oh, fortunate flock, who are to be ruled and guided by so just a shepherdess! Oh, happy vessel, that is to be steered by so skilful a pilot!" It was "roses, roses all the way" in his prophetic vision. The inveterate optimist saw the city's future

in glowing colours in the reflection of the Queen's past.

What memories of a like scene in Cyprus may have been passing meanwhile through the mind of the said shepherdess and pilot? Perhaps the orator's flowing periods seemed like an echo of a far-off silver-tongued eloquence heard at Famagosta, where she had gone as bride and Queen! There surely there had been pomp and ceremonial which far exceeded this, and speech of welcome with augury of Venus come back to Cyprus and the like! But it may be conjectured that the Queen played her part in this new act of life's pageant so finely, so confidently, as to the manner born, that the part absorbed her. The chief actors have no pause for thought while the play is in mid-career. Theirs is then to be up and doing.

So there was no place then for memories; she was a Queen among her people, as she had been on the day when she left Famagosta and spent herself in comforting those who were gathered to witness her departure, until the ship on which she was had passed out of sight of the island, and then she dropped down in a swoon.

After all the ceremonies had ended and the plaudits had ceased; after the mass of people who

had gathered together to witness the spectacle had gone back to their homes;—when the wonder of it all had been a tale told in the market-place, and even there only the memory of the Queen's gracious bearing and one or two of the verbal felicities of Taddeo Bovolino's oration retained their pristine freshness,—then, surely, for the shepherdess and pilot—Queen in palace again, ensconced there with her poor pretence of sovereignty—amid all the duties of her station faithfully performed, there was yet time enough and to spare for moods of retrospect.

The tablets of memory were all figured with scenes of Venice and the East. They formed a picture sequence which for richness of colour and varied play of incident, and in the setting of some of the scenes themselves, bears a considerable similarity to certain of the works of the great processional and narrative Venetian painters. Perhaps Carpaccio may have had thought of the Queen's story when he composed the earlier pictures of the cycle of St. Ursula. It would at the time be the general talk of Venice. There is a curious parallel else of scene and incident. Art followed life very closely in those glowing visions of the arrival of ambassadors from oversea with proposals for a marriage con-

tract, of the dream of a Venetian maiden in her chamber, all unconscious of her high destiny, of her voyage oversea as a bride affianced, of the landing at the clear-walled eastern city adorned with minarets and towers, of the fêtes and processions, the trains of noble maidens and senators, and the strange eastern faces and costumes. There the resemblance ends : to the one had been foretold a crown of martyrdom, the other was chosen to be Queen of Cyprus and sailed to her kingdom, but there in her royal state she had been as a martyr broken on the wheel of circumstance.

In the vision of her childhood a certain sense of awed expectancy, almost tantamount to foreboding, would attach to that grey palace in the Campo S. Polo at Venice, known as the Palazzo del Cognon, where she had lived. It had formerly been bestowed by the Signiory upon divers captains of adventure whose arm the Republic had thought to use for her purposes, and what she had given in the day of alliance she took to herself again in the days which followed after. So in that succession of fortune's puppets, despots and condottieri, who had inhabited there, Giacomo del Verme followed Carrara, Gattamelata followed del Verme, Sforza

followed Gattamelata, and finally the Duke Francesco Sforza, while the sun still shone, exchanged the palace for one which was being built by Andrea Cornaro on the Grand Canal; and so it came about that Marco Cornaro, the brother of Andrea, went there with his family from a house at S. Cassiano when the future Queen was in her seventh year. The comparative rigour and simplicity of the Palazzo del Cognon may be inferred from the fact that before another century had elapsed it had been pulled down and succeeded by the work of Sammicheli, the present Palazzo Corner-Mocenigo.

She could remember those greater chambers of the palace, richly bedecked as they seemed then with figured hangings, interspaced with great gilded mirrors which threw back the vision one to another like recurrent waves of sound; they had of late been chambers of reception and banqueting, and the floors had echoed with the tread of the captains and their gay company; and above these were lesser rooms, which held the thought by a chord of feeling at once more tender and more intimate than that produced by the sumptuous spaciousness below.

By day the windows lay open to admit the

air, and the child would go and lean on the arras-covered sill and watch the busy life of the Campo, hearing the shrill cries of the water-carriers, the shuffling sound of feet along the flags, and the constant hum and murmur of voices passing and repassing, watching the slow movement of the shadows advancing and retreating on the stones beneath, and the circling flights and long marches of the pigeons on the roofs and round the tower of S. Polo, which stood over beyond the Campo, upspringing white in the sun-kissed air.

To this harmony of familiar sights seen from the upper casement of the palace she came with a new, strange, disturbing consciousness and need of solitude, when upon the virgin tablets of her mind were written the first intimations of the destiny which was to be hers.

She was scarcely more than a child, even as age is reckoned in the South. To a question such as that of Lady Capulet to her daughter, "How stands your disposition to be married?" her answer would have been identical in purport with that of Juliet, "It is an honour that I dream not of." Such vague imaginings as had risen within her thoughts and passed away as lightly as the gossamers that float across the

stubble fields of autumn, were powerless to fix their impress on the smooth texture of her opening mind ; a dream, however quickly it may fade at waking, has yet more permanence than have these, for the dream in the brief space of its enduring is dominant.

So many stories had taken shape before her within that room beneath the rafters. So many shadows had played their part across the flags beneath, and had lingered there even after the play had ceased. This was a story like the rest, but one in which she herself had a part, and the thought of herself playing it filled her with a certain timid awe and wonder. To be a queen seemed a prospect so utterly strange as to render king and kingdom alike aerial and unsubstantial. Venice and the nearer islands of the lagoons, and the country as far as Padua, where she had gone for a time to the convent of San Benedetto, were all the sights which memory had to offer as background against which the pageant should unfold. But it was an island kingdom and the capital grey-domed like Padua, and one of the kings had been of old the guest of the Republic, and their royal state underwent no disparagement in the records which told of the splendour of the coming of

that earlier Lusignan King of Cyprus, Peter I. So piece by piece the background acquired shape and substance, and by the alchemy of dreams the familiar objects reappeared in the richer hues of the Orient robed as with glowing colours of Fez and Samarcand. From the thought of these conjectures and foreshadowings she would be led insensibly by quick transition to the great day of betrothal, "lo Sposalizio," which set a term to them. The Republic herself presided over this formal setting of the seal on the first stage of the child's dream. The ceremony took place when she was in her fourteenth year. Forty ladies of the noblest families of Venice, borne in a procession of State gondolas, had formed her escort from the palace of the Cornaro at S. Polo to that of the Doges. On arriving there she was taken through the attendant crowds to the Hall of the Great Council, and there received in the name of the State by the Doge Cristoforo Moro and the assembly of the council and senators. The Doge had then given a consecrated ring to the ambassador of the King of Cyprus, and he had placed it upon the child's finger in the name of his master James II of Lusignan, King of Cyprus, Armenia, and Jerusalem. After this

had taken place the Doge had led her back to the gondola, and the procession returned as it went amid the loud plaudits of all the citizens, bearing the affianced bride back to her father's house to take up the threads of her old life again. There everything went on as before, except for some added tincture of ceremony which hardly served to link her with the central figure in that famous day of ceremonial. It had been arranged that she should wait there until the time came for her to go to Cyprus, and as the years passed the great event to which the ceremony in the Doge's Palace had been only a prelude grew to seem very far distant. Nothing very definite had occurred to bring this about, but there were whisperings and mutterings of those around her, the purport of which, when dimly surmised, drove her many times to the accustomed casement, to cool hot, shame-flushed cheeks, and assuage thoughts that stung like tears, by the balm of its familiar sanctities.

She would come to know, if she did not already know, what was in fact common knowledge, that James had no real title to the crown of Cyprus, which belonged of right to his half-sister Charlotte, the wife of Louis of Savoy,

as being the only legitimate descendant of the late King, and that Venice had helped him in his usurpation primarily out of antagonism to Genoa, who had taken the side of the house of Savoy, and in order that she might extend her own sphere of influence, of which the marriage was intended to serve as a witness and a pledge. The facts were so usual as hardly to excite comment in others, but the bride elect had nevertheless a certain sense of bondage consequent upon the perception of being used for greater issues than she had knowledge of. More woman than queen as yet, she was quicker to apprehend what touched her more narrowly than all this tortuous diplomacy with its talk of motives and balancing of titles. Rumour had it that influences were at work to detach James from the Venetian alliance, and these had some measure of success when the support of the Venetian fleet no longer seemed necessary in order to maintain the King in his kingdom. There was even talk of his intention to proceed no further with the marriage, and so to repudiate the bride whom the Republic had found for him, and unite his claims to Cyprus with those of the house of Aragon by a marriage with the daughter of Ferdinand of Naples ;

and when this project was in abeyance there were circumstantial rumours of an alliance with a princess of the Morea. Venice had proffered the child as a queen with a view to her own interests, and these impelled her to be active in remonstrance. Within a year of the date of the betrothal the Senate was sending despatches to James expressing their surprise and incredulity at the reports which had reached them of his desire to withdraw from the alliance, and the orator Domenico Gradenigo was sent on a special mission with instructions to explain to the King that any wavering was contrary to the divine law, to his own dignity and to that of the Republic, and would cause shame to his bride, and to urge him to send for her forthwith in order thus effectively to still the voice of slander ; at the same time the Republic offered to guarantee James's kingdom against attack by taking the island under its protection. After more *pourparlers* and delays, as usual Venetian diplomacy triumphed. James was too insecure upon his throne to risk incurring the hostility of the Republic. The poor bride in waiting was a pawn on the board, a pawn cast to play a queen's part : the game went forward, and the queen was moved to her place as the player willed.

Four years had passed since the ceremony of betrothal, when in July of the year 1472 the ambassadors sent by James to escort his bride arrived at Venice, and on the 18th of September she set out for Cyprus. Before her departure she had been taken to St. Mark's, and there at the high altar had been formally adopted by the Doge as a daughter of the Republic. She was not the first Venetian who became a queen. As early as the thirteenth century Tommasina Morosini had married Andreas King of Hungary, and Costanza Morosini had become the wife of Vladislaus King of Servia, but in neither case was there any such ceremony of adoption by the State. The intention of it was partly perhaps to obviate those difficulties of her position which arose from the fact that she was not of royal birth, but it also offered the Republic a convenient pretext for interference in the affairs of her kingdom.

The Senate voted 600 ducats for the expenses of the journey to Cyprus, justifying the amount characteristically not only on account of the dignity which the alliance conferred upon itself, but because of the advantage that would accrue to its commerce. Venice as a mistress

of pageant had few equals and no superior, and motives were held in abeyance on the day of departure of the Queen. Again she had escort ; the Doge and the senate came in the *Bucentaur* to the steps of her palace, and she took the hand of the Doge, and entered as a queen might do, and seated herself by his side upon the dais, and then the vessel passed slowly along the grand canal and out to the Lido, where a fleet of seven ships, three galleys from Cyprus and four Venetian, were waiting to carry her to her kingdom.

With the memory of all this magnificence would be linked that of the arrival at Cyprus, parted from it by a month of voyaging, during which, in the many hours of reverie, the retrospect of the accustomed sights of childhood would tend by degrees to grow dimmer as the bourne of the journey grew nearer, so that at the last she had only the vista of the future. With something of terror and something of delight, and a constantly increasing sense of shyness, her thoughts would turn towards the husband to whom she was being taken, and she would find herself wondering what his first words to her would be and what she would think of him or he of her, and what her life

would be and whether it would ever seem natural like the old life that had ceased to be, and at the thought of this she felt herself to be far more a child than a Queen-elect.

She was then eighteen years old. Her beauty bore with it a spell of sovereignty which caused all who looked upon her to become her subjects, and when she landed, according to the testimony of a Cypriote chronicler, the people exclaimed that Venus had come back to her native Cyprus. So she stepped into her kingdom; and James, the King, saw her beauty and was subject like the rest. And so, with yet more of State ceremonial, they were made man and wife; and they lived together happily in a dream of kingship, while Venice patrolled the seas with her fleet so that no evil could come near them. But before a year had passed James got a chill while out on a hunting expedition, and fever developed so rapidly that in a few days he was dead. His death was a signal for the sleeping fires of faction to burst into fresh activity. At the time of the King's death the Queen was expecting soon to become a mother, and by the terms of James's will she was appointed joint-heir to the throne together with the child that might be born to her, the succession in default

of this issue being settled upon James's natural children after her death. The will further provided for a council of seven, consisting of Cypriote nobles and Venetians, to act as advisers to the Queen. The provision of James's will concerning her afford the best proof of the affection and regard with which she had inspired the King during their brief union. Two months after the King's death her child was born, and being a boy it was immediately proclaimed King as James III. How perilous the throne which mother and son thenceforth shared, how intense the hatred of Venetian domination, and, as a consequence, how insecure the basis of her own power, this she learnt in a night of shuddering and terror before she had fully recovered from the strain of childbirth, when a conspiracy broke out among the Cypriote nobles to place Alfonso of Naples on the throne as the husband of James's natural daughter. The Queen's uncle and cousin, Andrea Cornaro and Marco Bembo, were slain while hastening to her succour, and her physician was killed before her eyes in her own chamber, where he had fled for refuge. Her child, although scarcely two months old, was taken away from her, and the Queen herself was held in such duress by the conspirators that

she was constrained to write to the Venetian Senate and explain the murders of her uncle and cousin as being devoid of any political significance, and due entirely to private quarrels. From the condition of thralldom revealed by such a despatch she was rescued through the loyalty of the inhabitants of Famagosta and Nicosia, who rose in revolt against the conspirators, whose action would have only had the result of substituting one foreign domination for another in Cyprus. They restored to the Queen the custody of her child and her former freedom to govern. But the death of the child in the following year ended her hope of founding a dynasty, and caused the crown of Cyprus to be hers for life, in accordance with the will of the late King. She retained it not for life, but for more than fourteen years. No doubt Venetian policy was a primary factor in helping to maintain her throne, but she ruled with such a grace and amiability as to inspire her subjects with sincere affection, and the support which Venice gave was really a source of weakness and embarrassment as well as of strength. While the Republic put down revolts by the weight of its arm, it also supplied the motive which occasioned them, for by gradually restricting the amount

of power which the Queen exercised Venice prevented the possibility of her rule ever becoming identified with national patriotism. Venetian authority was constantly in process of extension. The Queen's father, Marco Cornaro, had been sent to Cyprus to act as her adviser after the death of her child. A Venetian proveditor and two councillors were also appointed to assist her, and the Queen lived on a stipend from Venice and could spend nothing without the consent of her advisers. Venice acting in the name of the Queen was able to hold the Lusignan claim at bay. But the Queen's rights ended with her life, and all parties looked beyond. After her death the succession would pass by James's will to his natural children, and this provision Venice showed no intention of respecting. She claimed the inheritance of the Queen as her adopted daughter by right of succession. The Republic had placed what was, she thought, an effective embargo on the project of a marriage between Alfonso of Naples and James's natural daughter by instructing the Venetian admiral to kidnap James's three children and their mother and carry them to Venice. There, however, they were allowed a considerable amount of liberty, and an attempt made by

Alfonso to carry off his bride almost proved successful; after its detection the child was removed first to a monastery and then to the castle of Padua, and there within a short time she died. Alfonso was afterwards concerned in another plot, which struck at the one vulnerable point in the Venetian armour.

The Queen was only nineteen when she was left a widow. It was possible that she might marry again, and so defeat the hopes of the Republic as to the succession. Ferdinand of Naples, indefatigable in his efforts to procure a wife and a principality for his son, turned from ineffectual schemes for dispossessing the Queen to the project of a marriage between her and Alfonso, whose senior she was by twelve years. The alliance had in its favour that it would have established a community of interest between the Queen and those who had been her most indefatigable antagonists. The proposal furnished the occasion for her being compelled to abdicate, but there is no evidence to show either how the Queen regarded the proposal or whether she was ever fully cognisant of it. The emissaries of Alfonso reached Cyprus, and there Venice, having been made fully aware of the project by her secret agents, caused them to be arrested,

and the Council of Ten, either believing or affecting to believe that the Queen was seriously considering the proposal, resolved upon her immediate deposition. The reports of the proceedings of the Council with regard to Cyprus given in the collection of documents in M. de Mas Latrie's history tell the stages by which this result was arrived at with a dry brevity more impressive than any narrative. On the 18th of October it was decided that two of the members of the Council should abstain temporarily from taking part in the proceedings because the Queen of Cyprus was their niece. Four days later it was decided that the Queen must leave Cyprus, and on the 28th of October Francesco Priuli, the captain-general of the fleet, was instructed to see that the order was carried into effect immediately, and as apparently there was some expectation that the Queen might take refuge in the island of Rhodes, he was authorised to employ, if necessary, the most rigorous measures in order to remove the Queen to Venice, whether with or without her consent, and so to place her beyond reach of the proposals made by the court of Naples to which she was lending an ear. It was decided at the same time that the Queen's brother, Giorgio Cornaro,

should be requested to proceed forthwith to Cyprus in order to persuade his sister to acquiesce in the wishes of the Republic. Six days later the captain-general was instructed to send an ambassador to Cairo to inform the Sultan of Egypt that the Queen's departure was due entirely to her own choice, and to explain that the raising of the standard of St. Mark in Cyprus was to protect the island against the Turks. On the same day a despatch was sent by the Council to the Queen setting forth the reasons why her departure from Cyprus was deemed necessary, and informing her that she would continue to enjoy the same revenue in Venice as had been hers in Cyprus, the amount being eight thousand ducats.

Venice had made her meaning clear with choice of either iron hand or velvet glove. The Queen was entirely without means of resisting the decree of the Republic. Venice had made her a puppet queen; had kept her a puppet; and now Venice said that the play was ended. What could she do but yield? Nevertheless it was hard for her to face realities, and to bring her to the knowledge of them was no light task that the Council put upon Giorgio Cornaro.

How bitter was the struggle that took place in her mind may be conjectured from her words to Giorgio Cornaro when she announced that she would submit. "If this seems so to you, brother, it also seems so to me, or I will so school my mind that it may ; but it will be from you rather than from me that our country will receive my kingdom."

But Venetian policy required that it should seem that there was no victim, that the abdication should have all the appearance of a voluntary laying down of authority which the Republic assumed, rather in the general interest than in her own, so that there might be no break in the continuity of government. Consequently the Queen, after consenting to be despoiled, was schooled to play her part in the masque of renunciation with which it had been decreed that the days of her sovereignty should cease. She made a progress through her kingdom to bid farewell to her people, and to be present at the raising of the standard of St. Mark in each town, and her departure from Famagosta for Venice was preceded by a formal cession of authority, and there and then among her people she took her leave of Cyprus, and spoke the royal words of farewell to her mournful subjects—words

which create a legend—"Be of good comfort : I will return."

Then she had gone back to Venice on Francesco Priuli's galley, and there she was welcomed with pomp and pageantry exceeding even that of her departure. As a great general or proconsul who has won a new province for his country is welcomed at his home-coming with fête and banqueting, so she, a tool used for the same end, shared the conqueror's triumph. The Doge came out as before to the Lido in the *Bucentaur* to serve as her escort, and she finished her long journey as she had begun it, in the great ship of State, and in this manner she was carried to the Piazzetta where there was yet another formal renunciation in St. Mark's which ended the series, and in the evening a splendid banquet was held in her honour in the palace of the Duke of Ferrara, and there she stayed for three days as the guest of the Republic. When the period of State welcome was ended, she was free to go back among her own people, and she stayed for a time in the house at S. Polo with her brother, for whom she always showed strong attachment after his visit to Cyprus to give her counsel, and then with her mother in the old palace of the Cornaro at S. Cassiano ; and

the sleeping memories of her childhood were wakened as by a touch, at her presence among the old familiar things.

A decree of the State, which bears date a fortnight before her return, had conferred upon her the castle and land of Asolo in the Trevisan "in order that," in the words of the decree, "during her stay among us she may be able to rejoice in the possession of the beauty and healthiness of the place." There her skill and grace in the gentler arts of government might find full outlet. She had all the rights of sovereignty, saving only the allegiance which the inhabitants owed to Venice. Her lands were surrounded by those of the Republic, and there could be no question of her relations with foreign powers, or intrigues to dispossess her, and therefore it seemed that surely the Republic was safe in bestowing. It would not even be a loser by its gift, for it was provided that the revenues of the city and surrounding lands of Asolo should count as a part of the dowry which was to be paid to the Queen.

Some four months after the date of her return to Venice the Queen had set out for her new domain; and she had entered into her kingdom, and there—a Queen of Yvetot—from her palace

she might survey it all and look out beyond. To what a vista then as now ! On either hand lies a soft undulation of lesser hills, rich in all the wealth of varied tints of their fertility, the deep green of the grasses, the bluish green leafage of the vine, the fruit trees with leaves varying in colour with the passing of the seasons, the silver grey of the olives, the dark-pointed cypresses rising up like spears in the air, the tall campaniles slender as these, the red and brown tiles of roofs of houses that nestle among the greenery ; and below all these lies the vast plain where all these things are found again, that seems to stretch away and lose itself in a haze of distance where stand the cities of the Veneto. All around, to south, to east, to west, the green wave-like plain lies in vast expanse. Far beyond, to the south, the Euganean hills rise up like an island with bold headlands and steep precipitous cliffs, and there at Arquà, Petrarch sleeps. By their side the grey domes of Padua "the learned" take shape above the haze that veils the lesser of her structures. Far beyond, the towers of Venice, seen in tremulous distance, are as the tall masts of ships that seem to be ever at sail between the sea and the sky. At night, looking towards Venice, it would seem

that the ships have all passed, and in their place is a shimmer of dim quivering lights like stars mirrored on the surface of the lagoons. Within the nearer circles of the vision lie a host of lesser towns; Montebelluna on its hillside, clear-cut against the sky; Treviso, that lay as a gate to Venice for passing and repassing; red-towered Castelfranco; Bassano, curtained by the hills; and farther away, below where the Brescian Alps drop steeply to the plain, are the dim stately palaces of Vicenza; while to the north, above the gracious valley of Possagno, the hills rise steeply up to Grappa's huge shoulder, and to the mighty fastnesses which lie above Belluna and keep watch and ward over the gateway of the Emperors into Italy. Of all this, of how much more of sky and earth-wonder, the eye has sovereignty in this mimic capital of the Queen.

Here she held her court. Hither, according to Cardinal Bembo, came the *literati* of the day, and the welcome was after the manner of that at the Court of King René of Provence, the king *par excellence* of such as use the pen, who, according to the chronicler Thiebault, gave in largesse to knights-errant and minstrels more than he received in revenue. But the measure

of her prerogative extended only to the gentler attributes of sovereignty.

“Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita.” It was in fact when exactly half the years which are the allotted span of human life had been traversed, that Caterina Cornaro passed from her island kingdom with its potentialities, its swift dramatic changes of outlook, and its perpetual strife of faction, into what was a veritable land of post meridiem, a land “wherein it seemed always afternoon.”

It is not unnatural that this should be the stage of life's journey which often figures least in record. It is tranquil as compared with the timid, yet eager steps of youth ; it is less subject to the imagination, less swayed by hopes or illusions, less potent in endeavours after their attainment, and it is of such things as these that the chroniclers have ever loved to tell. Yet, no matter how the initial purpose may waver, it still retains a thread of continuity—

“For ne'er a hope of youth
“Is resigned utterly.”

The greater change in the land of post meridiem would seem to be in the perspective of things, due in part to a difference in the incidence of

light, owing to the fact that the sun is not so high in heaven. The temper of the actors becomes more equable and more tolerant. They seem to expect less from life, and to be more ready to take it as they find it. What was a drama begun in the spirit of pure romance, changes to a masque or comedy of mode played with a more accustomed subtilty and finesse, and if there be anything of the same setting, the full extent of the change is at first hardly apparent.

Alexander sighing for new worlds to conquer is an instance of the innate conservatism of human nature. The old occupation was congenial to him and he would have more of it. Whether the prospect be a renewal of triumph or there be merely a hope of retrieving disaster, habits take all of us captive, and we must needs follow as best we may. Fate having dealt capriciously with the Queen in the high adventure, was more steadfast and more benign in the mimic counterfeit. The ostensibly nominal sovereignty of the little hill city endured unbroken for twenty years. During this time the Queen made no attempt to overstep the limits of her prerogative, but within these limits, straitened although they were, she established such a tradition of grace and courtesy as to

render her sovereignty something other than nominal, something which time has not yet sufficed to impugn or caused to pass away.

The veil is lifted about a score of times by the chroniclers, by the great diarist Marin Sanuto most frequently, and the Queen is discerned busied in kindest fashion with the duties of her station, which she fulfilled the more picturesquely by reason of her natural love of hospitality and ceremonial. From time to time various great personages came to visit her in her capital, a Cardinal Pontico and Eleonora, Marchioness of Mantua, among the number, each with a fitting retinue.

The earliest of these embassies came appropriately from her former kingdom of Cyprus. About ten weeks after her entry into Asolo, according to the chronicle of Antonio Colbertaldo, a certain Count Hannibal and two other Cypriote nobles, accompanied by thirty pages and servants, arrived as the bearers of gifts of sugar-plums, preserved fruits, and other sweetmeats (*zuccari composti et altre confetioni*) from her former subjects, and they remained for a space of three days and were given magnificent entertainment in the palace. Relations thus reopened in a manner surely unique as between

a Queen and her former subjects were henceforth no less happily maintained. When a famine a few years later caused widespread destitution in the province of Asolo, the Queen arranged for a vessel laden with grain to be sent specially from Cyprus in order to feed her subjects. Her benevolence is also believed to have taken the form of instituting a Monte di Pietà. Her interest in the affairs of her former kingdom still continued, and she found means on occasion to exert her influence. Entries in Sanuto's diaries show the Council of Ten following her suggestions in the conferring of various appointments in the island. Besides thus being a confidential adviser to the Republic, she was a welcome guest at the more elaborate State ceremonies. Her presence is recorded at the festivities held at the marriages of two of her nieces in the palace of the Cornaro at S. Cassiano. Similar festivities of a most sumptuous character took place at Asolo at the marriages of two of the ladies of her court. At the former of these the Queen's favourite maid-of-honour, Fiammetta, was married to a certain Floriano de' Floriani of Montagnana, and among the many Venetian nobles present on this occasion was the Queen's kinsman Pietro Bembo, afterwards

the Cardinal and Humanist. It was then, as a youth of twenty-five, in the castle of the Queen at Asolo in the march of Treviso, "*La Marca Amorosa*" of song and story, that he first conceived the design of his treatise "*Degli Asolani*" which subsequently spread the fame of the little court throughout all Italy, linking it in association with those half legendary courts of an earlier age, where queens were used to sit in judgment to listen to the protagonists of love. Bembo's work, the theme of which is more fully indicated by the continuing words of the title "*ne quali si ragiona d'Amore,*" came in course of time to be looked upon almost as a kind of lover's breviary containing fitting formulas for all those dialectic sophistries and conceits which are a pastime for the amorous consciousness. The fashion in these discourses changes, and Bembo's day has long passed. His interminable prolixity, and the long drawn-out sweetness of his periods, cloying to a later taste, render it improbable that there will ever be any change in the verdict which time has pronounced upon his work. The scene of it is laid at Asolo in the garden of the Queen's castle, where three young Venetians, present in Asolo on the occasion of the marriage of Fiammetta, and three

ladies discourse together on the nature and attributes of love. The description of the Queen's garden, which serves as a background to the frigid masque, seems like a green oasis in an arid waste. There, as in a pastoral by Giorgione, is a cool depth of shadow and the music of running water, and there one may walk in the footsteps of the Queen as she trod the autumnal chapter of her life. It tells how a pergola of vines, broad and casting a deep shadow, ran crosswise, dividing the garden, and how on either side of the walk there were thick green hedges of juniper of such a height as suffered the eye to range freely over the whole expanse. It tells of the higher reaches of the garden with its rows of trimmed laurels, overhanging walls and arches; of two windows cased in white marble set in one of the walls, where one might sit and look out over the wide plain; of how the garden opens into a small meadow full of fresh, delicate herbage, and adorned with various kinds of beautiful flowers; and of a space beyond, where the laurels grow wild and in great profusion, forming two thickets dark with shadows, and full of the awe of solitude. A path led between these to a most beautiful fountain, which gushed forth from the rock that

enclosed the garden on that side and formed a hollow basin for it ; there a small spring of clear, fresh water, issuing from the rock and falling into a marble channel, which formed a division through the meadow, was heard in gentle descent, and after reaching the channel, which was almost overhung with herbage, it sped murmuring on its course through the garden. It was there that Bembo located his scene of action. There the six "novitiates of love" who have wandered out from the castle are impelled to stop, charmed by the unique beauty of the spot ; there they hold discourse, and the sound of the plashing and rippling of the water is mingled with the cadences of soft voices arraigning or extolling the "Lord of terrible aspect."

The actual extent of the garden is a matter of conjecture. It has been sought to identify the fountain with that which marks the division of the commune of Asolo and the village of Crespignaga. The stream which flows from it down a little valley is known as *acqua della Regina* ; it is one of the many things within the circle of her sway which take their name from the Queen by the shadowy title of tradition.

The Queen also built herself a summer palace, "palazzo di villeggiatura," at Frattalunga, a spot

about three miles from Asolo, where she first came in sight of the city on her journey to it from Venice. The chroniclers refer to it under the name "Il Barco," the word probably being a corruption of *Parco*, a park. Its splendours were short-lived; they scarcely survived the Queen's reign. Marin Sanuto records the fact of its having been burnt by the imperial troops in the course of the wars which followed the League of Cambrai. An entrance tower and portcullis were in existence until the early part of last century, but all of it that now remains is used as a dwelling-place by husbandmen, and only a small oratory serves to suggest something of the difference of its earlier state. The land where the garden extended has all reverted to its former use. Vines and crops are everywhere luxuriant, and the paths where the Queen sought shelter with her ladies from the summer heats have long yielded to the harrow.

Against such air of measured quiet of these Asolan days as the few records permit to be inferred, the visit which the Queen paid to Brescia during her brother's term of office as Podestà stands out in sharp contrast. It was a royal progress, like that of a queen in Eastern story, and the pomp of attendant circumstances must have

brought a cloud of Cyprian memories in its train. She travelled with twelve carriages and a gay cavalcade of knights and outriders by way of Bassano, Vicenza, and Verona. At each town she was received in state by the Podestà; at the two latter she rested for a night. At the Brescian frontier she was met by an advance guard of twelve knights and doctors, and the Podestà came in person with a fitting retinue as far as Desenzano, in order to form her escort from there to Brescia. The Podaressa, with forty ladies, awaited her at Lonato, and at various stages along the remainder of the route the procession was swelled by various companies of citizens, men-at-arms, archers, and noble ladies, stationed to offer welcome, until it numbered two thousand persons. A detailed account of the entry into Brescia and of the festivities which took place in the city is found in a letter written at Brescia on the second day after the arrival of the Queen, which was copied by Marin Sanuto into his Diaries. Official enthusiasm is apt to find expression by the same formulas. The old properties are usually available, and it may be suspected that some of the plaudits are for these and for the associations they call forth. The details of the ceremonies at Brescia

are familiar knowledge ; they are of the customs of the Italian Renaissance as recorded in arts and letters. To the chief actor surely there could be little, if anything, that was novel in the accessories, for she had known in Cyprus such feasts of colour and incident. A *baldacchino* of white damask, borne by eight doctors in their flowing robes, met her at the gate of Brescia, and beneath this she rode on horseback to the church of S. Maria di Miracoli, where prayers were offered up and such oration delivered as was appointed for the entry of a queen or empress. There was the triumphal car, drawn by four white horses with horns on their foreheads like unicorns, bearing in it Diana and her nymphs, and the Queen witnessed their merciless pursuit of Cupid and the stripping his wings of feathers despite his singing. Carpets covered the streets along which she went, and hangings of cloth-of-gold and tapestries adorned the façade of the house of Ludovico di Martinengo, which had been given to her as a place of residence during her stay in Brescia, and we are told that the fountain in the courtyard was flowing with red and white wine. A deputation waited upon her with gifts "*de rebus mangiativis*," after the manner of those brought by the earliest embassy to Asolo. The

hosts were careful not to overtax the strength of their guest, and no public functions were arranged for the day after her arrival. She spent the time with her ladies in getting rid of the dust and fatigue of the journey. The races had already been in progress for a week when she arrived, and the tournaments were continued on a scale of constantly increasing magnificence, with balls and banquets and receptions following them. The last tournament was graced by the presence of Galeazzo di Sanseverino, the famous champion of the court of Sforza, who came with thirty of the young lords of Milan and two hundred horses. At the display were present many of the nobility of Venice. There was reason for the Brescian boast that the city could not have done more if the guest had been a Doge or Emperor. When the revelry was ended with this last blaze of splendour the carriages were got ready again, and the Queen went away as she had come, back to the hill-city and the quiet of changeless days in palace and garden.

At Asolo, "where still her memory stays," in quiet anchorage, the storms of life overpast, its dignities serving as a show and a memorial, the day drew imperceptibly to sundown.

Thus to await the end would seem a fitting

close to a life so rich in adventure as that of the Queen. But the quiet endured only for a season ; the evening of life brought fresh tempests ; and Caterina Cornaro was again the sport of circumstance.

Venice might give titles, but when the thunders of the League of Cambrai broke upon her the Republic had to fight hard for her existence. She could do nothing for those who held from her. So the storm of invasion which swept over all her territories on the mainland washed the mimic kingdom out of being.

On the hill above Asolo stands the ancient fortress of La Rocca. Grey as the rocks and timeless as they, it crowned the height and held in subjection the city and the Trevisan plain. It had served the Carraresi as an outpost in their long contest with Venice, and in the wars of the League of Cambrai it was taken and held by the troops of the Emperor Maximilian or the Republic, according as the fortunes of the war varied. The Venetian defeat at Agnadello served as a general signal for defection. All Lombardy except three towns was, according to Sanuto, "yielded up to the French without drawing sword." The Veneto and Friuli lay open to the imperial troops, and in June 1509

Maximilian's standard was raised at Asolo. Before this event the Queen had already retired to Venice, to the palace at S. Cassiano.

After having lost the lesser sovereignty which Venice had conferred, she cherished, apparently, a wild hope of regaining her former kingdom, and sent an emissary to try to arrange for her return to Cyprus. There is a certain grim pathos in the brief entry in the proceedings of the Council of Ten in April 1510, which makes us acquainted with this attempt on the part of the Queen. The Council having been informed by their agents of the Queen's action, instructed the chiefs of the Council and the three Inquisitors of State to go in person to the Queen and admonish her severely on the subject of the plots of which she had been guilty. In the same month as this disciplinary visit was decreed, by a strange turn of the wheel of fortune the way was clear for her to return to Asolo. Victory had rested again with the arms of the Republic in the Veneto. Her procurators had reoccupied Asolo and the territory round about it, and the inhabitants sent to beseech the Queen to return; and so it came to pass that she made yet another progress and joyous entry with banners and a gay company as

before. The city surrendered itself to the same transports, and the historian of the Queen tells of a Pastoral composed for the occasion by his grandfather, which expressed the joy that the inhabitants felt at her return and referred to the calamities which they had suffered during the war. But the joy was short-lived. Roving bands of French and Imperial troops were still ravaging Friuli and the Veneto. The Queen was defenceless, and the movement of some of these in the direction of Asolo revealed the hazard of her state. Yielding a second time, according to the chroniclers, to the insistence of her brother, she left Asolo with all possible speed together with her ladies, and returned to Venice. There was then no more talk of journeyings. That the affairs of her former kingdom still interested her is shown in Sanuto by a recommendation made by her to the Senate for the Bishopric of Famagosta. The entry of this is on the 1st of July 1510, and on the tenth day of the same month Sanuto records the fact of her death after an illness of three days. It may be inferred that the event had been hastened by the strain of recent political events. Sanuto tells of her obsequies, which were on a scale befitting her position and the reputation of

the Republic. There could be no danger to the State in heaping dignities upon clay ; so the crown of Cyprus was suffered to rest upon her coffin, and the puppet was put away with the maximum of ceremony, attended by the Signiory, the Vice-Doge, the Patriarch and Bishop ; and a bridge of boats was made for the occasion across the Grand Canal from the palace of the Cornaro. From the palace to S. Cassiano, from thence to the Church of the Apostoli, the burial-place of her family,—these were the last stages of the journey. The funeral oration over the grave was uttered by Andrea Navagero, the poet and historian. The eulogy was one of various works which were afterwards burnt by the author, and no copy of it has survived. Sixty years after the Queen's death the remains were transferred to the Church of S. Salvatore, where they now rest, and where a bas-relief represents the Queen in the act of resigning her crown into the hands of the Doge. An inscription cut in the marble informs the curious whose bones are those which lie beneath—

D. O. M.

CATERINAE. CORNELIAE.
CYPRI. HYEROSOLIMARVM.
AC. ARMENIAE. REGINAE.
CINERES.

Queen of Cyprus and of those shadowy eastern kingdoms—it is thus that her titles are figured upon the stone. The lesser dignity which time allowed has escaped its memorial. For twenty years, ruling with such wise beneficence as to create a legend, she was the Lady of Asolo.

A TRIAD OF CAPTIVITIES

I.—RICHARD CŒUR DE LION

IN the book of the lives of mediæval kings as written upon the tablets of time by the chroniclers, there is a chapter that tells of such as were taken prisoners and of the manner of their lives during the period of their captivity. What is entered under this rubric has moved many to moralise upon the swift turning of the wheel of fortune and the infinite caprice of fate. Kings in captivity are like caged eaglets whose eyes seem dim mirrors of that far orb of the heavens where once they scaled aerial heights. Severed from all the normal pursuits of kingship, which in latter days have come to form a veritable bondage of circumstance, these captives of a harsher mode knew neither change nor round of daily purpose in the enforced leisure of their lives. Maybe that when armies pass and repass only in vision the mere marshalling of words becomes congenial, as giving the mind oppor-

tunity as similar as fate allows to indulge in the old manner of life. Certain it is that some of these captives turned chroniclers, and gave utterance to the sense of contrast in the memorial in their lives,

“Animus quod perdidit, optat,
“Atque in praeterita se totus imagine versat.”

Others armed cap-à-pie for adventure found a pathway through the prison bars, which led out upon the slopes of Mount Parnassus. There walked Plantagenet, Hohenstaufen, and Stuart in the days of their captivity, scions of the three royal houses whose histories enshrine the flame-like brilliance, the versatility, the prowess and high endeavour, and the sense of tragic destiny which characterise mediæval kingship. Two threads of circumstance serve to link together lives in all else dissimilar. Being kings they were also captives, and certain poems, connected more or less in subject with the circumstances of their captivity, are attributed to them on the authority of mediæval song books.

The Plantagenet is Richard Cœur de Lion, more Paladin than king, and English only in title. Who left undone all the normal duties of kingship and hardly even deigned to dwell

in his kingdom. Whose life is written in romance with that of Roland, and the echoes of it ring like a trumpet-call. Whose prowess was such that the mere magic of his name was potent, as the story has it, to quell Arab child or steed. His captivity was only an episode in a life charged to the brim with adventure, and he is of extremely small account as a poet. The two songs which bear his name are neither better nor worse than those of a hundred other courtly poets who sang in an age and country in which language was lyric almost by instinct. One is in French. Of the other, the prison song, there are versions in French and Provençal.

The circumstances under which the first was composed are set forth in the notice of the King in the Provençal collection of the lives of the Troubadours, which tells how the King wrote a sirvente against the Dauphin of Auvergne and his cousin Guy, Count of Auvergne, charging them with bad faith for not having come at Richard's summons to join him in war against the King of France. The Dauphin, according to the same authority, made a spirited reply to the charge in another sirvente, having already received from the King somewhat similar treatment to that of which he complained. This

came about soon after the exchange of Auvergne for Quercy, in a treaty between the Kings of England and France. The Dauphin and the Count of Auvergne, being restive under the new overlordship of France, were induced by Richard's promises of assistance to declare war, and then found themselves left entirely without support to get the best terms they could from Philip Augustus.

Richard's sirvente is in French, and the reply of the Dauphin of Auvergne is in Provençal. The Dauphin, in addition to being the author of about half a score of sirventes and tenzons, was one of the most prominent of the patrons of the Troubadours both on account of his liberality and his knowledge of the "*gai saber*." Here Richard worthily sustains comparison with his former vassal and poetical antagonist. His interest in the poetry of Provence was a thing inherited from his mother, Eleanor of Aquitaine, the "magnet" who drew to herself some of Bernart de Ventadorn's loveliest songs, who was herself a granddaughter of Count William of Poitiers. So there flowed through Richard's veins the blood of the earliest of those courtly singers, round whose name clings a memory of something of the same vehemence and turbu-

lence of spirit, the same great-hearted way of life as characterised Cœur de Lion. The Count of Poitiers also had gone crusading in the interval of other combats, and one of his songs offers the earliest instance of that entirely human and personal note which is found in many of the allusions of Provençal singers to the great enterprise of Christendom. They go with the rest, but the exaltation of the true Crusader is not theirs. They have not the mood ecstatic which takes no account of home or kindred, deeming these things only as dust in the balance.

For some at any rate of those laureates of love and vernal beauty the "warm kind earth" with its delights is worth all the promises. Marca-brun struck this note with great power in his idyl of a damsel sitting weeping by a fountain because her lover had gone on Crusade. She utters a *malison* on King Louis, who gave the message and command whereby grief has entered into her heart. She is sure of God's mercy in heaven, for there it will be given to many other sinful folk, but here He has taken away the source of joy.

The Count of Poitiers' song is at once more personal and more contrite. He has lived his life in gaiety—as indeed he did—and now he is

leaving "vair' e gris e sembeli." Such a change Bertran de Born knew when he entered the cloister of Dalon after a life spent in fighting and singing of war. The song has something in common with the Kreuzlied, "the song written on departure for crusade," with which it was once numbered. The Count of Poitiers led a force of a hundred thousand men on the first Crusade, and there we are told he suffered innumerable reverses before finally reaching Antioch on foot as a beggar with six companions. Ordericus Vitalis mentions a poem in stanzas, "with joyous rhythmic modulations," which the Count after his return used to recite before the princes and great lords of Christendom, in which these experiences serve as the theme. The poem apparently is no longer in existence. The song of farewell to the "vair' e gris e sembeli," in so far as it relates to pilgrimage is one of anticipation, not of remembrance, and the reference in it to the Count's son, who was only a year old at the time of the first Crusade, points strongly to it being of later date. Whether it be considered to refer to an otherwise unknown pilgrimage undertaken, according to the Count's most recent editor, in the year 1117—perhaps at the time when the ban of his excom-

munication was removed—or to an expedition of two years later against the Moors of Spain, in which he served under Alfonso of Aragon, is a question which may be left to the *savants* to decide. The matter of it was like enough to the eastern adventure for something of the same spirit to show itself in the writing. The poet goes with a heavy heart; he is leaving a land where wars and fighting are incessant, and he foresees trouble from his enemies at home. He commends his son and his lands to the care of the Count of Anjou; but the commendation is followed by an expression of doubt whether either the Count or the suzerain Philip of France will bestir themselves at all in the matter. He recognises that it will go hardly with his lands and title during his absence unless the youth has wisdom and mettle sufficient to fend for himself, but notwithstanding this there can be no doubt as to the fixity of his determination to depart. The dominant and final note is one of renouncement.

Richard the First sailed to as great an aim, and played a part infinitely more distinguished. He is as much more illustrious than his ancestor in the annals of warfare as he is less in those of poetry.

The chronicles seem to catch something of

the epic quality when they tell of his doings. Like a very knight of adventure he had recked nothing of what might happen in his realm during his absence ; but there came a time when he had leisure to think of his kingdom, and his state as a captive was troubled by the intelligence of it very much in the same way and on the same grounds as the Count of Poitiers had been in anticipation.

He had been taken in disguise while roasting capons over a fire at an inn near Vienna. Maybe the smell of singed fowl betrayed him. Yet how such as Richard could ever hope to look the part of a scullion so as to escape detection is hard to conjecture. Opportunity makes a hundred spies at every look or gesture of the unaccustomed. What chance could there be for a Paladin when forced to resort to a meaner craft ? How should he escape being known ? Some unguarded circumstance must soon have brought the journey to an end, even if he had succeeded in roasting the capon safely in the inn. Doubtless in time he would have needed other capons, and though his squire had gold to pay for them, his bezants would hardly pass without remark in Styria. What a chapter in the Picaresque for the chronicler had it been otherwise in the romance

of the King and the road ! To travel in disguise across the whole length of Europe, after having when in Palestine set all Europe by the ears, and made all her princes his foes by sheer arbitrariness and such predominance in qualities which may be termed heroic as consorted ill with a council of princes ! Then to come home through their lands and they not knowing it—or else eager to seize him !—That had been a frolic which would have made brave telling if he had won through, or even if the attempt had brought him near to the goal ! It led, however, only as far as the Danube, to the rock-ensconced castle of Dürrenstein—a fortress belonging to Duke Leopold of Austria, whose men had made the capture. There, to the indelible shame of its owner, his fellow Crusader, he was kept a prisoner, until the Duke, feeling perhaps that his prize was too big for him to hold it with safety, handed him over to the Emperor. Then followed negotiations which lasted for upwards of a year. The details belong to history. In order that he might profit the more by brigandage the Emperor stooped to be a huckster.

The terms which had been originally fixed upon for the ransom were raised as the result of the intrigues of Philip Augustus and John, who

offered bribes for Richard to be given up to the former, and a heavy retaining fee for each successive month that his captivity lasted, so that they might be able to dismember his dominions in security. An acknowledgment, moreover, was wrested from the King that he would hold England as a fief of the Empire.

The scandal grew so flagrant that a time came when the Emperor could no longer protract the negotiations. Fifteen months after Richard had been captured, his Majesty of France warned his ally John to take care of himself, "for the Devil has broken his chain." But lions never fight with jackals. The antagonist of Saladin on returning to his kingdom did not call John to account for his treachery. He accepted his submission, and hurried away as soon as might be, in order to win back such portions of his French dominions as had been overrun by Philip Augustus during his captivity.

It is with the period of Richard's captivity in the castle of Dürrenstein that the legend of the minstrel Blondel is associated. Blondel, according to the story, discovered the place of the King's captivity by the device of wandering through Austria singing beneath the windows of various castles a song with which the King was

familiar, until at last a time came when the question which the song implied was answered by the voice of the captive taking up the strain. The verses which the chronicler puts into the mouths of the minstrel and the King form part of a conventional love song. The situation of the lord within, continuing and answering the song of the attendant without, is the setting of the Provençal *alba* or dawn song, and contemporary art may have furnished the example to the chronicler. The legend was already in existence in the middle of the thirteenth century, and the attempt has been made to identify Blondel with the *trouvere* Blondel de Nesle, who appears in the *Talisman* as Richard's favourite minstrel. Scott's authority presumably was the legend itself, and the similarity of names justified the application of it to a contemporary. The legend bears all the marks of romantic invention. It is not found in any of the regular chronicles of Richard's life, although three of these deal with the circumstances connected with his captivity. The supposition underlying it, that the negotiations for the King's release could not proceed until a wandering minstrel had discovered in which of his castles the Duke Leopold had caused him to be

confined, is not merely improbable but utterly fantastic. Had this been so, the visiting of the various castles of Austria had like to have proved as formidable a task as that traversing of the cities of Israel was once said to be, and Richard must needs have endured a long captivity. Even as it was, how irksome seemed each hour to one whose every thought was of action ! What he thought of it, how he chafed under the restraint, how incredible it must have seemed—when from time to time he heard the rumours of negotiations protracted and delayed—that the difficulties of raising a ransom, however great, could be suffered by his subjects to weigh for a moment against the obligations of honour and fealty ; all this is revealed in the song written during captivity, which is assigned to him on the authority of two manuscripts. The strongest argument in favour of the authenticity of the poem, if this were called in question, would be that it is entirely true to type. Whereas the usage endured by some during captivity has been such as to break down the bulwark of the body and thereby to expose the spirit to strange embarrassments ; in the case of Richard neither record nor the history of his life after his captivity lends any colour to the thought that his captors were

so base. His spirit during the time of his imprisonment was unchanged, and a proud confidence animates the poem. "It is ill for me," he wrote, "but worse for my people if they abandon me." Its interest as a personal document far exceeds its value as literature. It would be strange else! For Richard, although a patron of the Troubadours, had been too busy all his life in fighting to spend any time in apprenticeship to the craft during the days of his freedom. His part had never been to tread the dewy meadows or to listen in the bird-haunted woodland, "hunting for good words," as Guiraut de Bornelh, the "Master of the Troubadours," tells that he was used to do. Consequently when the King started out upon the same quest, the "good words," as well might be, eluded the novice, who had perforce to be content with a lesser quarry. The rhyme structure is less elaborate than is usual in the great exemplars, and as a consequence the poem in its comparative simplicity suffers less in the rehandling in the various rhymed translations of it which have appeared.

An *envoi* addressed to "Suer Contessa," "Sister and Countess"—the lady referred to being presumably Joanna, daughter of Henry II,

who was married first to William II of Sicily and afterwards to Raymond, Count of Toulouse —is only found in the Provençal version, and in the absence of more conclusive testimony the fact may be held to point to its priority. The reference in the concluding line of the *envoi* to a lady for whose sake the singer is a captive may be dismissed as nothing but a conventional exercise in sentiment. It is entirely at variance with the purport of the verses which precede it and the testimony of the chroniclers. "My Lord" referred to in the last stanza as harrying the captive's land is, of course, Philip Augustus, who was Richard's suzerain in respect of his continental dominions. The last line of each stanza and of the *envoi* ends with the word "*pres.*" I have tried to suggest the effect of this as a refrain by a similar use of the word "captive."

"Never will captive tell his tale aright
"except as one who has cause for sorrow ;
"but as a solace one must utter song. I
"have friends in plenty, but their gifts are
"small. Shame be upon them if on account
"of my ransom I am here two winters a
"captive.

"Now let my liegemen and barons all,

“ English, Normans, Poitevins and Gascons
“ know full well that I have no follower so
“ mean that I would leave him in durance
“ for the sake of gold. I do not say this by
“ way of reproach, but I am still a captive.

“ Indeed, I well know it to be true that
“ the dead and the captive have neither
“ friend nor kin ; and if they abandon me
“ for the sake of gold or wealth it is ill for
“ me but worse for my people, since after
“ my death they will endure reproach if
“ they leave me here a captive.

“ Marvel not at me if my heart is full of
“ sorrow, because my Lord harries my land :
“ he is not mindful of the oath which we
“ took together at Sens, for well I know that
“ then I should not long be here a captive.

“ Sister and Countess, may God preserve
“ your high renown ; and may He keep the
“ fair one whom I love so much and for
“ whose sake I am here a captive.”

There is nothing here of dejection, and no suggestion of personal discomfort. Richard was too old a campaigner to quarrel with a hard bed. The emotions expressed have a certain rugged strength which betokens sincerity. Indignation and irritation struggle for the mastery of the

lyre, and the words fit the tune. It would be vain to pretend for an instant that they are of the great tradition. They serve only to show that captivity freed what there was of poet in the King more fully than did aught else. It is very doubtful whether this opinion would stand in need of modification if all the contents of Limbo stood revealed. Among these are the verses in which Richard engaged in a poetical encounter with the Duke of Burgundy while they were both on crusade. It is stated in the *Richardi Itinerarium* that the Duke wrote scurrilous verses about the King, and that the King replied in kind. Fortunately, perhaps, this is all that is known about the matter. Richard's anger may perhaps have sought expression in lines similar in intention to those of certain of the sirventes of Bertran de Born, whose pen was wielded as a flail to scourge his enemies, and whose relations with Richard, whether of enmity or friendship, were almost continuous throughout the whole of his career. Each was always fighting after his manner, and they had so much that was common in temperament that the poet was never very far removed from the King's orbit.

Of the general character of Richard's relations

with contemporary poets, Roger of Hoveden, in his *Chronicle*, speaks with perceptible malice. He charges the King with having procured laudation of himself in song by attaching to himself French singers and musicians by means of bribes, in order that they might sing of him in the highways, "and now," he says, "it is "being said everywhere that there never was "his like in the world."

Roger of Hoveden was a King's clerk, and afterwards a Justice Itinerant, who wrote his history in the closing years of his life, and who by his training had become eminently fitted to relate acts and to weigh motives. What he knew of the poets whom he spoke of does not transpire. Some of their number, who certainly were never moved by bribes to laud men of meaner worth, saw in Richard not only a prince in lineage but a natural prince among men, a man pre-eminent in knightly qualities, passionate, headstrong, but never ungenerous, a leader in an age of action, whose motives were mingled as are those of most men, who loved war like a mistress but thought nothing of conquest; and as such they sang of him as an ideal hero of chivalry, who linked history with the great periods of romance. But they sang as they

listed. Arnaut Daniel dwelt for a time at Richard's court, and followed always the promptings of his own spirit, which pursued art in its subtlest intricacies, and cared nothing to sing of princes. Bertran de Born was equally ready, as the mood willed, to exhort or chide. His praise was not suborned, nor was it given except in fleeting measure. Gaucelm Faidit, whose muse was of gentler and more melodious mould, sang of Richard's greatness on the passing of his spirit. How, then, should his words come for a bribe? Or do they bear any marks of insincerity? The stanzas extol his greatness as peer of Arthur or Alexander; but mark the *envoi* as rendered in a book of versions from the Provençal by Miss Ida Farnell :—

“ Great Lord and God, to whom belongeth pardon,
“ Thou that art God, and Man, and Life indeed,
“ Grant him that pardon that his sins do need ;
“ His faults and failings mercifully o'erlook,
“ Remember that for Thee the Cross he took.”

Richard's tomb at Fontevrault has been rifled as have those of the others of the Plantagenets, but at Rouen, in the Cathedral, his heart is buried. There also, as elsewhere, the Calvinists did some breaking. The hands and feet of the statue are a

modern restoration, but it is a kingly form, great and stern, which lies on the tomb wearing its crown. A strong, hard face, ready to command. One hand holds a mace, the other is bent to catch the loop that holds the mantle forward on the shoulders. The inscription runs :—

HIC JACET
COR RICARDI
REGIS
ANGLORUM
COR LEONIS DICTI
OBIIT ANNO
MCXCIX.

II.—ENZO

BOLOGNA held a king captive for three and twenty years before death opened the prison gates which the Council had decreed that no other key should unlock. He was buried by his captors with all the honours of royal state, crown on head and gold sceptre in hand, and in the Church of S. Domenico at Bologna much lapidary eloquence of a later age constrains the traveller to pause and consider the sad memorial. There is a curious air of detachment in the invitation to meditate upon the results of this



Photo. Poppi, Bologna.

ENZO

unrelenting durance. Time has adjusted the balance of the debt as between king and citizens, and though they held him captive he is throned in sentiment high above all their rulers. In certain of the festalia of the city the King is represented walking with gyves upon his wrists as on the day of his entry ; but all who go in front of him—gay cavalcade of soldiers and company of musicians—are only his escort sent to bring the King again to his capital with due pomp and obeisance. The King was Enzo, King of Sardinia, a bastard son of the great Frederick, the Emperor “stupor mundi,” true Hohenstaufen in the flame-like brilliance of his life down to the time of his captivity. The shadowy titular dignity came by his marriage with Adelasia the heiress of Sardinia, the widow of Ubaldo de’ Visconti the Judge of Gallura. Sardinia by this marriage became one of the many grounds of contention between Pope and Emperor : Ubaldo having consented for his wife and himself to hold the island kingdom as a fief from Rome, the Pope’s claim to have the bestowing of the widow’s hand had suffered despite when Frederick had sent the youthful Enzo with a body of knights to Sardinia there to win wife and kingdom. Having thus crowned

the adventure, Enzo like many mediæval kings left others to do the governing in his kingdom. He was soon back again on the mainland fighting intrepidly in his father's wars, second only to the Emperor. A Guelph chronicler, under no obligation to flatter an enemy, depicts him tersely as "a handsome youth, of middle height, " strong, brave and honourable, the best of all the " imperial brood . . . the idol of his followers, " fond of pleasure, very daring in war." Of this last quality the records of his campaigns afford abundant instances, none surely more picturesque than the tale of how, in joint command of the Pisan and Sicilian fleets, he engaged the Genoese fleet which was taking prelates to Rome to a council called for the purpose of deposing the Emperor, with result that four-fifths of the would-be voters found the course of their journey deflected to Pisa and the Ghibelline fortress of San Miniato al Tedesco.

Pisa suffered excommunication for thirty years for the part she played in this kidnapping of the prelates, and Enzo would certainly have shared in the sentence if it had not already been pronounced upon him on the occasion of his marriage.

The business at Rome of deposing the

Emperor had perforce to be abandoned, but three years later a new Pope, Innocent IV, carried out the policy of his predecessor, and the decree was enacted in a Papal Council held at Lyons, the roads thither being apparently safer for prelates to travel.

Frederick was at Turin when he heard of the decree ; he immediately called for his treasure chest, and taking out one of his crowns he set it on his head with the words, "I have not yet lost my crown, and it shall cost the Pope and the Council a bloody struggle before they rob me of it."

The effect of the sentence by which all Frederick's subjects were released from their oath of allegiance to him as Emperor or King was to occasion revolts in the outlying parts of his dominions and so weaken his power of action in Italy. After this his star was never in the ascendant, but the old fighter fought none the less gamely because the number of his enemies was increased. He strove to divide them by diplomacy, and gained a notable triumph in detaching Venice from the league. Milan and Bologna were always the centres of resistance, and Frederick's strength was not as that of Barbarossa : he could not wreak vengeance

however he might menace, and the fact was worth several battalions to his adversaries. It gave Parma added strength to resist the Imperial forces when Frederick put forward all his efforts to capture it after its defection.

The records of that long struggle between the Empire and the Papacy with Italy as a cockpit—a struggle which ended only with the extinction of the House of Hohenstaufen—are a crowded mass of incidents hard to disentangle. A few figures stand out clearly against the dark background, and one of these is that of the King of Sardinia.

Almost from the time when Enzo was first made a knight, certainly from the date of his return from Sardinia, he was second only to the Emperor in prowess as leader of the Ghibellines. Records of marches, of fortresses reduced, towns captured, territories laid waste, attest his ruthless vigour and zeal as a commander. The war went on sporadically year after year, city against city, Guelph or Ghibelline for reasons not very apparent. Enzo was "Vicar Imperial" successively in Ancona, the Marches, Romagna, Tuscany, and finally in Lombardy. Suddenly it all ended as far as he was concerned. The engagement in which he was captured followed

immediately on his receiving intelligence when at Cremona of an advance of the army of Bologna against Modena. He forthwith hurried with all the forces he could collect and threw himself upon the rear of the Bolognese army at the Fossalta. In the battle which ensued Enzo had a horse slain under him while fighting hand to hand against Lambertazzi, the leader of the Guelph army, but his followers saved him from capture by surrounding him and mounting him on another horse. The Ghibellines were obliged to retreat, and in the darkness the retreat became a rout. The surrounding country was intersected by numerous water-courses, and this caused many to be taken prisoners, among the number being Enzo. There was no more thought then about an immediate attack on Modena. The Bolognese knew too well the value of the capture. They knew that the King was worth many cities. Enzo was kept under a strong guard at Castel Franco for three months while the Senate were deciding what to do with their prisoner, and was then taken to Bologna. The entry formed a noteworthy pageant. The prisoners captured with the King numbered four hundred knights and twelve hundred foot-soldiers; these followed

the trophies of the victory, and after them Enzo was borne on a mule. The townsfolk flocked in vast numbers to meet the returning army, and the road from the castle of Anzolo into Bologna was crowded with people all eager to see the illustrious captive. He had scarcely completed his twenty-fifth year. An eye-witness records that he was very fair to look upon, although not great in stature, of lofty mien, with fair curls descending almost to his waist, with noble features which bore the marks of indignation and misfortune, and that these things caused the King to seem such a figure as must needs draw all sorts of people to consider and admire. After the procession had entered and the bishop with his choir at the gate of the city had sung hymns in celebration of the victory, and the Podestà and the generals of the victorious army had been acclaimed by the people, the cynosure of all eyes was placed in safe keeping, and on the following day the decision of the Senate concerning the King was made known; that he should be treated in a manner befitting his state, and that he should never be released on any condition whatever. There, however, the matter could not rest so long as the Emperor lived and had voice for

entreaty or menace. His urgency allows us to infer the measure of his loss.

He wrote indignantly on hearing that they were holding public rejoicings, bidding them to remember the fickleness of fortune, and to ask their fathers how his grandsire drove the Milanese who were far stronger than they were from their homes, promising that unless they instantly set free the King of Sardinia with the other prisoners, he would besiege the city and make it a byword and a reproach.

The Senate replied in a spirited manner, through the mouthpiece of a local doctor of laws, to the effect that the Emperor must not imagine that he could frighten them by windy words, because they were not reeds or mist that is dissolved by the wind ; King Enzo was their prisoner by the laws of war, and as such they would hold him ; their answer to the Emperor's threats of vengeance was that they would gird on their swords and resist like lions ; and he need not think that his great army would avail him, for numbers bred confusion, and it sometimes happened that a boar was held in check by a little dog.

The loss of Enzo's presence in the field was one of the causes which contributed most

powerfully to prevent the Emperor from making good his words. He was stricken with years, and misfortunes had fallen thickly upon him, and this was the crowning calamity of many.

He tried to appeal to the cupidity of the captors, offering, according to a chronicler, to pay a ransom for Enzo of as much gold as would suffice to put a girdle round the city. The offer served only to grace the Latinity of the captive's tomb :—

“Cum tantum auri pro redimendo filio polliceretur
“Quantum ad moenia Bononiae circulo aureo cingenda
sufficeret.”

Frederick, ten years previously, after reducing the castles of the Bolognese in Romagna by fire and sword, had boasted of having stripped Piumazzo of its plumes. The parts were changed. The spoiler himself was despoiled. In lieu of plumes they held the eaglet, and they held with a tenacious grasp although with a gloved hand. Short of allowing the King his liberty or the opportunity of obtaining it, they could not well have been more punctilious for his comfort. The large room in the Palace of the Podestà, which is now the Sala del re Hentio,

was specially made for the King to exercise in; below this is a smaller room, where now the archives are kept, which looks out on the Piazza del Nettuno, and in it the King was imprisoned. The door of this room was locked every night and opened every morning with no inconsiderable formalities, but by day the King had the company of sixteen nobles of not less than thirty years of age, chosen by lot and changed every fortnight, each paid two *soldi* of Bologna daily for his services as a lord-in-waiting. There is a certain suggestion of the narrations of Sheherazade in this kaleidoscope of companionship. The age limit of the nobles was subsequently lowered from thirty to twenty-five, either because the supply of suitable nobles gave out under the old conditions, or at the wish of the prisoner. That at times his wishes were expressed was shown a few years later by a statute which decreed that in order to render the King's long imprisonment less irksome, he should be freed from the uncongenial society of a certain German, Count Conrad of "Solimburgo," who was one of his fellow captives.

As a further instance of the consideration shown to the royal captive may be cited the fact that more than one tailor was appointed to

attend to his needs, and also a shoemaker. For captives as well as exiles :

“Com’ è duro calle

“Lo scendere e il salir per l’altrui scale !”

The Senate met the difficulty practically as their manner was.

The Emperor entered Lombardy with an army, but could come no nearer to carrying out his threats, and was forced to retire to the Capitanate, where he died, little more than a year after the date of Enzo’s captivity. The ban lay on all the Imperial house, and the struggle of Guelph and Ghibelline went on unceasingly.

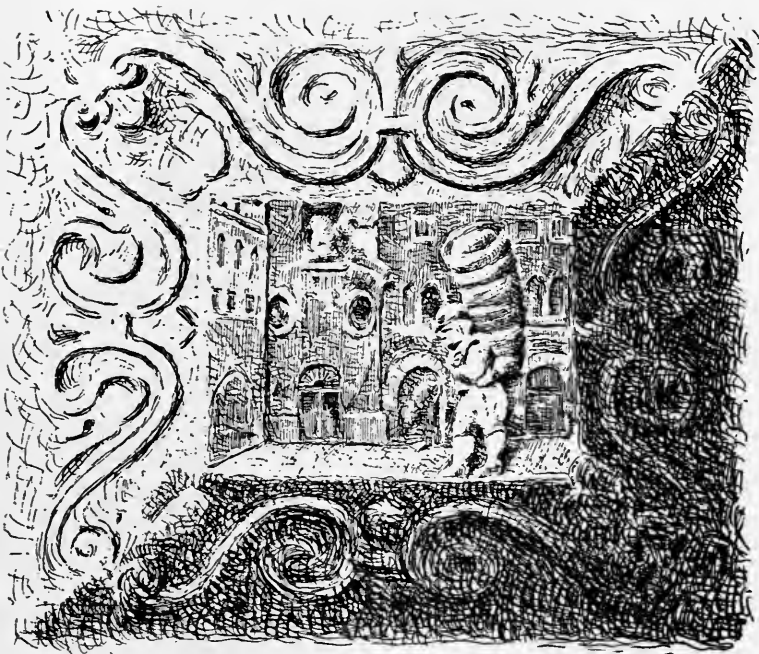
The scene of combat was far away in the south, and the noise of battle never reached the walls of Bologna to fall like strains of remembered music upon the ears of the captive. And he—what of his thoughts? He can hardly have cherished any illusions. He knew that his lot was not cast among sentimentalists. His captors were politic in action, calculating and pitiless. He held no hopes of liberty ; the very fact that he was the Emperor’s son forbade the thought of his release.

Artifice is sometimes effective where both

force and diplomacy fail. The thoughts of the possibility of escape—how often must they have passed through his mind during those long years of captivity! To be tested, weighed, attempted so far as opportunity might serve or wit devise, never finally to be put away until the heart within him grew cold. The story of such an attempt recorded by certain chroniclers, and also represented in two rudely carved reliefs at the Palace of the Podestà, is discredited by modern criticism on the strength of somewhat general considerations. There is certainly some contradictory evidence. An entry in the archives refers to the banishment of Pietro degli Asinelli and the execution of Rainerio Gonfalonieri for being concerned in the escape of Conrad “Count of Solimburgo” in 1253, but these are the names of the accomplices mentioned in the account of the King’s attempt. This entry is contradicted by the statute of the year 1263, by which the Senate undertook to free the King from the troublesome company of this same Conrad, who presumably therefore did not escape ten years before. If the accounts are to be harmonised, it is necessary to regard the first entry as having reference to the King’s attempt at escape, which in this case would be only a few years after his

imprisonment. According to other accounts, it took place when the other members of the house of Hohenstaufen were dead and Enzo was the last of his race—a captive with a throne in waiting. The quality of picturesqueness is naturally suspected in the chronicler, but all the recorded facts of Enzo's life afford proof that the suspicion is sometimes unfounded, and this may be the case with the story of the barrel. In either event the tale is worth the telling.

Enzo, according to Ghirardacci the historian of Bologna, had formed a very intimate friendship with Pietro degli Asinelli, whom by lavish promises he induced to attempt a plan for his escape. Pietro degli Asinelli took as his accomplice a certain cooper named Filippo, a man of great physical strength; and having made the King aware of his plan, he caused the cooper to bring a cask filled with very good wine to the King's apartment, pretending that the King desired it for himself. When the cooper had emptied the cask he put King Enzo inside it, and carried it out on his return journey with such strength and apparent ease that it seemed to be empty. By this trick he managed to pass the guards without exciting suspicion, and proceeded on his way towards a spot where a certain



THE STORY OF THE BARREL

From bas-relief.

Rainerio de' Gonfalonieri of Piacenza was waiting with horses in readiness for the King's escape. But it so happened, just as the King and Filippo thought themselves safe, that a soldier who was strolling at a distance from the others, happening to turn his eyes towards the cooper, saw flaxen hair protruding from the top of the cask, and immediately gave the alarm to the guard, who ran after them and caused Filippo to set down the cask, and there they found the King, whom they captured and took back to his prison. The account goes on to tell the fate of the conspirators. Filippo was obliged to confess, and messengers were sent to capture Rainerio, who was interrogated, and then confronted with Filippo's evidence, and they were both beheaded in the Piazza. Pietro degli Asinelli was warned in time to make his escape, but all his possessions were confiscated, and he was sentenced to perpetual banishment. "And from this time onwards," says Ghirardacci, "King Enzo was "guarded with greater care, and he was no "longer allowed to receive visitors."

According to another version favoured by the sculptor of the bas-reliefs of the Palace of the Podestà, it was a woman looking out of a window who saw the flaxen hair protruding, and who by

shouting "Scappa, scappa," gave notice of the escape. The chronicler with suspicious dexterity accounts for the origin of the family of Scappi by explaining that the name was granted to the woman by the Signiory to commemorate the act.

The King's flaxen hair caused it to be inferred by his contemporaries that his mother was a German. In this story of the attempt at escape he appears like Absalom, his locks proved his undoing,—these selfsame tokens by which men knew his lineage.

Ah, Gretchen ! Gretchen ! You—whatever the name you bore—who were an Emperor's leman, and for your frailty pitied, envied, despised. For your child they all envied you. There was no scope or place for pity for the mother of Hans—golden-haired Hans, who grew to be a great warrior and won a kingdom, and was next in prowess to the Emperor. His yellow locks told that he had a German mother, and that was name enough for you to live by—"the German mother of Hans," your shame hidden in his lustre. And the Emperor died, and his sons and grandson, until only your Hans was left alive—a captive in Bologna ! And the Ghibellines remembered that he had led them to victory, and that he was the Emperor's son as well as

yours. Could he escape!—he had proved his lineage on the battle-field. Your frailty might have made you the mother of Emperors had it not been for the colour of those golden locks you fondled. A wisp of brown hair would perhaps have lain unnoticed. Or he might perhaps have got through, gold locks and all, had there been no crevice, if only a cooper had hammered a cask more firmly. And then a great many pages of history might have been written differently, and Rudolph of Hapsburg might perhaps have found it harder to come into his kingdom.

The suave courtesy of the officials of the Municipio enables the traveller to look down from the room that was the King's prison to the Piazza del Nettuno, where the concourse is busily engaged in buying and selling, squabbling perhaps somewhat more peacefully, and wearing rather less picturesque garments, but otherwise very much the same as when the captive looked down between the bars. Hurry, and murmur, and beat of feet without! The prison seems a tomb, but although the air is chill and musty, the memories are alive and take shape. They lurk and issue forth from among the shadows of the rafters. Tardily conscience tells you that you have tarried too long, that notwithstanding

the age-worn look of the books and the smiling protestations of their keepers, there are ledgers waiting to be treated after the customary manner of ledgers, and the clock of routine stops because of your presence, and you leave the dusty abode of records for the sunshine of the Piazza. Clamour of voices is heard there—shrill and strident, and the deep murmur of footsteps passing and repassing ! This too the captive heard, and hearing this, heard how much more ? Glory of action away in the world by contrast with that in this coign of it here beneath his eyes ! Guelph and Ghibelline at strife. All Italy a marching-ground—and he not there ! He with ten years of leadership to his count, with all the riot of youth in his veins, constrained to be as idle as a maimed man ! The tragedy made the poet.

The high testimony of Dante attributes the use of the term Sicilian, as applied to early Italian poetry, to the fact that all that was most excellent in Italian letters made its first appearance at Palermo at the Court of the Emperor Frederick and his son Manfred, to whom “all noble-hearted and gifted men strove to attach themselves.” In romance the Emperor Frederick appears as a patron of the arts as munificent as Charlemagne ; there came to him, in the words of the

author of the *Cento Novelle*, “sonatori, trovatori
“e belli favellatori, uomini d’arte, giostratori,
“schermitori, d’ogni maniera gente.” Nor was
Frederick content to be a patron ; he himself vied
with his ministers in trying the new measures,
and five *canzoni* exist as witnesses of the pro-
ficiency which he attained. Enzo accordingly
would have an hereditary sympathy with intel-
lectual things, and Palermo was his birthplace,
and there his earliest years were spent, amid its
many influences of art and song.

There the seed was planted which flowered in
Bologna. It is more natural to suppose that the
poems which bear Enzo’s name were written
during his captivity than during the crowded
years of action, and, as regards two of the three,
the supposition is borne out by internal evidence.
The dominant note in each is one of sadness.
In the two *canzoni* the effect of it is as striking
as in the Provençal *planch*. If written during
the period of brilliant leadership, they could not
but appear unreal exercises in sentiment. They
seem however to possess such a ring of personal
emotion as must have had a cause for its exist-
ence, and it is not that which prompts the
majority of such laments, since the writer declares
his misfortune to be greater than those which

follow in the train of love. "If he could find pity in any created thing," is the opening plaint of this canzone, he would ask it the boon that it should give relief to his pain, and he is firmly convinced that his prayer would prevail at the sight of his deep abasement. This canzone is only assigned to King Enzo in three out of six manuscript collections in which it occurs—two of the three being alternative attributions—and in consequence its authenticity cannot be considered as completely established. The other canzone is ascribed to Enzo in each of the seven manuscripts in which it occurs; but only one of these contains the *Envoi*, which surpasses all the other stanzas in poetic charm. The poet having written his song, bids it to go and salute Messer, and tell him the evil that he suffers, how she who has him in hold keeps him so straitly that he cannot live; he bids it salute Tuscany who is sovereign, in whom reigns all courtesy, and to pass into the plain of Apulia, the great Capitanate, there where his heart is night and day.

The poet, while using the song as his messenger, constrained thereto by his captivity, goes with it in pilgrimage of vision to scenes where once he quaffed life's brimming goblet, scenes where his

heart is ever night and day. The words are charged with unforgettable melody.

Va, Canzonetta mia
E saluta Messere,
Dilli lo mal, ch'i'aggio.
Quella, che m'ha in balia
Si distretto mi tene,
Ch'eo viver non poraggio.
Salutami Toscana,
Quella ched è Sovrana
In cui regna tutta cortesia ;
E vanne in Puglia piana,
La magna Capitana,
La dove è lo mio core notte e dia.

The third poem—a sonnet—is assigned to Enzo by three out of four manuscripts. It bears the superscription :—

“Questo nobile Sonetto fece lo re Enzo.”

It is stoical in resignation. The fever of thwarted hopes is quieted. Consciousness of suffering is expressed without poignancy, and by the repression gains fourfold in impressiveness. *Tempus loquendi, tempus tacendi*,—thus he rings Time's changes, and the chimes are as a knell.

The thoughts of the captive who accepted with perfect dignity whatever fate bestowed, who sat and played chess with the gentlemen of

his household when the game of life was stalemated, whose chamber, although a prison, was yet at the same time a court where men must needs pay homage, are most fully expressed in this poem.

Tempo vien di salire e di scendèrè,
E tempo è di parlare e di tacere,
E tempo di ascoltare e d'imprendèrè,
Tempo di molte cose provvedere,

E tempo è di vegghiare e d'offendèrè,
E tempo di minacce non temere,
E temp' è d'ubbidire e riprendèrè,
E tempo è d'infinger non vedere.

Però io tengo saggio e conoscente
Colui che fa suoi fatti con ragione,
E che col tempo si sa comportare,
E che si mette in piacer' della gente,
Che non si trovi nessuna cagione,
Che sol d'un fatto si possa biasmare.

The sonnet has been translated by Rossetti as only a poet could. He gives it a title: "On the Fitness of Seasons."

There is a time to mount ; to humble thee
A time ; a time to talk, and hold thy peace ;
A time to labour, and a time to cease ;
A time to take thy measures patiently ;

A time to watch what Time's next step may be ;
A time to take light count of menaces,
And to think over them a time there is ;
There is a time when to seem not to see.
Wherefore I hold him well-advised and sage
Who evermore keeps prudence facing him,
And lets his life slide with occasion ;
And so comports himself, through youth to age,
That never any man at any time
Can say, Not thus, but thus thou shouldst
have done.

III.—JAMES THE FIRST OF SCOTLAND

Two centuries intervene ; but their passing makes no corresponding change of conditions. Time does not walk with even paces. There is more of kinship with the Middle Age than with the Renaissance in the Scotland of the early Stuarts. The tale belongs to history how David, the Duke of Rothesay, died, under circumstances which pointed irresistibly to foul play, while held a prisoner by his uncle, the Regent Albany, for an offence committed against his authority. The poor feeble King Robert III—as unfitted by disposition for the task of ruling in Scotland as ever a king was—unable to pursue any effective inquiry into

the facts of his son's death, thought to place his younger son beyond the Regent's arm by sending him away to be educated in France.

So, according to Wyntoun in the *Orygynale Cronykil*, the boy was taken to North Berwick, and from there to the castle on the Bass Rock, and there he remained with the Earl of Orkney and others as companions until a vessel was sent from Leith on which they all embarked for France. The vessel carried no armament, because it was a time of truce between England and Scotland, but it was intercepted somewhere off Flamborough Head by English sailors, "men of Cley in Norfolk," and the young prince and his companions were all made prisoners.

King Henry the Fourth made no scruples about profiting by what was apparently a flagrant act of piracy, if the dates of the Scottish chronicler be accepted, and the fact that there is no mention of resistance in any account of the capture confirms the statement that the vessel was unarmed, and points to the fact of the truce not having expired. He detained James a prisoner, but ordered that he should be well treated. He is credited with a remark that it was unnecessary for his brother of Scotland to send his son so far away as France to have him

properly educated when it could be as well done in England, and he seems to have made good the boast. The place of James's captivity seems to have undergone repeated changes ; there are records of his being in the Tower, at Windsor, at Pontefract, Nottingham, and Stratford ; but all the time he was being carefully tutored, and the standard of his accomplishments was not the French of "Stratford-atte-Bowe." His captivity was tempered on occasion. He was suffered to see something of court functions, and was even taken with the English army to the French wars, partly perhaps in order to fit him for his calling as a king in Scotland by a generous interpretation of Henry's promise, partly also because his captors cherished the hope of thereby detaching the Scots from the French alliance. This plan failed of its purpose, because free men would not enrol themselves under the banner of a captive ; so the Scots fought on one side and their King on the other, and James showed notable valour in arms. On the second occasion on which he visited France in this manner he apparently held a command, and the credit of the capture of Dreux is attributed to him.

Among the studies into which he was inducted was presumably that of the theory of

kingcraft, but despite the French visits he grew up without that saving knowledge of men which a student may sometimes acquire but a captive never, and so when time gave opportunity he rode his theories hard. While James was in France with the English army Henry the Fifth died, and he accompanied the Queen back to England with the body and was at the Court for some little time afterwards, but early in the following year (1423) he was imprisoned again at Pontefract. Soon afterwards negotiations were opened in real earnest for his release, and after twelve months of *pourparlers* and adjustment of terms of ransom the matter was at last settled, and James was free to depart to his kingdom. He had become King almost immediately after the commencement of his captivity. Tradition has it that the tidings of the capture hastened the end of the old King, borne down by an unsupportable weight of sorrows; but although there is conflict of evidence as to the exact date of the capture, on the most probable showing the news could scarcely have reached Bute at the time of the King's death, which occurred on the 4th of April 1406.

For thirteen years after this the Regent Albany was King of Scotland in everything but name,

and he had no wish to shorten the term of James's captivity. The negotiations which were set on foot from time to time were rather with the purpose of satisfying public opinion in Scotland than with definite intent. With the Regent's death the great obstacle was removed; but the French wars delayed the course of negotiations. James, however, was treated with much more consideration—like a guest rather than a prisoner. He was present at a banquet in the Queen's honour held at Leicester and sat at the Queen's left hand, and we are told that he was always served next after the Queen and the bishops. Such growing kindness did not, however, lead his captors to moderate in any degree their conception of what a king's ransom might fairly be. The English commissioners appointed to treat of the matter were instructed to ask £40,000 and were empowered to accept £30,000, and they kept the larger figure well in view in the negotiations.

The provisions as to hostages were very onerous, and consequently the matter moved slowly. It is somewhat difficult to say exactly when James's long captivity really ended. He was married on the 2nd day of February 1434, in the Church of St. Mary Overy, in Southwark,

to Joan Beaufort, the daughter of the Earl of Somerset, and he set out for Scotland with his bride in the course of the following month ; there the pair made a royal progress, which terminated with their coronation at Scone, after which James settled down in earnest to clear up arrears in the work of kingship.

A certain light is thrown on the circumstances of the marriage by an instruction to the English commissioners appointed in the preceding year to treat of the King's release. If the ambassadors from Scotland should seek an alliance by marriage between the said king and any noble lady of the realm of England, they were to reply that "the said King of Scots knew many noble women, some even of the royal stock." "If," it continues, "the King of Scots in these circumstances makes known his wishes, the ambassadors are to communicate with him or his representatives more fully as time and circumstances permit. If nothing is said by the Scots about marriage the English are not to mention it, as the women of the realm of England, at least those of noble birth, are not wont to offer themselves in marriage unsolicited." The unmistakable inference from this instruction is that the writers of it were aware that James had



Photo. Annan.

JAMES I. OF SCOTLAND



already, while in captivity, formed an attachment to one of the ladies of the court.

There is some further corroboration in a passage in John Major's *History of Greater Britain*, written within a century of James's death. Major mentions various works in the vernacular as instances of the King's skill in literary composition. As to this skill, and the exercise of it both in Latin and in the vernacular tongue, there is complete unanimity among Scottish historians, starting with James's contemporary, Bower, who states that the literary art was one of the King's favourite occupations. Major is the earliest writer who enumerates specific works. "He wrote," he says, "an ingenious little book about the Queen while he was a prisoner, before he was married to her; and another ingenious little song of the same kind, '*Yas sen*,' &c., and that lively and ingenious song, *At Beltayn*, which certain persons of Dalkeith and Gargeil have tried to alter; because he was then kept a prisoner in the castle where the lady dwelt with her mother—or a chamber of it."

The order of Major's sentences somewhat tends to obscure their meaning. There is, however, no doubt that the remark about the King

being kept a prisoner in the castle where the lady dwelt with her mother, refers to the circumstances under which he wrote the ingenious little book about the Queen.

So the captive sang behind the bars, and the lady of course heard him, and the romance of which a corner of the curtain is thus lifted had the only true and proper ending of all such romances, the singer gained his freedom and a wife. There let the poet take up the tale of the royal progress :—

“ And on her lover’s arm she leant,
“ And round her waist she felt it fold,
“ And far across the hills they went
“ In that new world which is the old.”

James’s captivity had been probably no whit the less irksome because stone walls had not always made his prison. He had been kept out of his kingdom, and moved to and fro at another’s will. He had had no voice in ordering his own least circumstance, except in this one matter. Yet how different it all was from the lot of the captive at Bologna! Frequent changes of scene, glimpses of court functions, an apprenticeship even to the art of war, as against a caged life lived in a world of two rooms for sleeping and waking.

The one frankly held to ransom, liberty only a matter of terms; for the other a girdle of gold round about the city, offered—and offered in vain. The one group of circumstances forms a more prosaic setting for romance. Suppose the story written in the Provençal manner! A silken cord from the window of the donjon-keep! If there be a moat it must be crossed somehow. If a sentry be stationed he shall be overpowered. And the lovers shall meet and hie into the woodland to a lodge woven of wattle boughs; and there they shall dwell for a season, and only when the curtain is about to fall shall the more normal duties of kingship commence. But at this point the presiding deities make representations. James is a prisoner in England, at Windsor for a great part of the time. So what is written must be after the English manner. The cord from the window is dangerous or would savour of the mummers' art; the woodland and the lodge of boughs are damp as well as possessing other obvious disadvantages; and Dame Romance has left entirely out of her reckoning the fact that the lady is an earl's daughter and the niece of a cardinal; she must be married in church if only because her friends will expect to be invited to the ceremony. The

Dame was allowed to write as she pleased at the love-making. Now she must be more practical. James is a prisoner because no steps are taken to pay his ransom. Let him be helped to get hostages and to give security for it, and his captivity ends. If she wishes for a touch of sentiment, let part of the ransom be remitted as the bride's dowry. So the Dame is constrained to write accordingly ; but feeling that this is too matter-of-fact to serve as a final chapter, she follows him back to Scotland, where she will be less trammelled and may write as she pleases. And she finds full scope in telling of his life among the turbulent nobles whom he strove to bend to his will ; of a scene of suppliance at Holyrood, where Alexander, the Lord of the Isles, taken in arms after having abused the King's pardon, came like Agag "walking delicately," with halter round his neck, clad only in his shirt, and holding his sword by the point, to be sent to surer hold in the sea-girt fortress of Tantallon ; of the feud with Sir Robert Graham and the King's fatal clemency ; and of the last scene—where she writes wholly to her mind—the Christmas spent in the convent at Perth, the warnings disregarded, the sudden attack at night, the heroism of Catharine Douglas — Kate Bar-lass — who

barred the door with her arm, the concealment, discovery, and desperate resistance of the King, and finally the Queen's vengeance on the murderers. As one of the most recent of Scottish historians has said, "the passionate pride and "treachery of the nobles is stamped as deeply "on Scottish as on Italian annals." Doubtless they preferred their kings to be in exile, for then obedience was impossible, and having grown accustomed to this state of things they were naturally irate at the reforming zeal and numerous parliamentary enactments of King James, whose kingdom, viewed from afar in captive reverie, had grown to be a thing of impossible virtues, and who on returning started with vigour to make the reality somewhat nearer to his imaginings.

This resolve is evident in the reply he made on being told on the first day of his return of the wrongs suffered by his subjects,—a reply preserved by the one contemporary chronicler Bower—"if he lived, even if but the life of a "dog, by the help of God he would make "throughout his realm the key keep the castle "and the furze bush the cow."

This same zeal led to somewhat strained relations with the Papacy through the attempt

to expedite the procedure of ecclesiastical courts, but the King knew how and when to be conciliatory to purpose.

Among those who visited his court was Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, who afterwards occupied the Papal throne under the name of Pius II, and who, not being then in orders, was sent on an embassy to Scotland by the Council of Basel. In the Library of the Cathedral at Siena, Pinturicchio has painted ten frescoes representing scenes from the life of Æneas Sylvius Piccolomini, commencing with his departure for the Council of Basel and ending with his death at Ancona, where he had gone to preach a crusade against the Turks. The second of the series shows him at the court of King James. He is in the act of presenting a petition to the King, who is sitting on his throne surrounded by his nobles. In the background is a charming vista of hills and trees and a winding lake radiant with sunshine and with soft spring verdure, very different from the impressions of Scottish scenery which Æneas Sylvius placed on record. An imaginary portrait of the King represents him as an old man, dignified and gentle, whereas James was only in his forty-third year when he died. The nobles

seated on either side are very dignified and not at all turbulent, just as the King would have wished them to be. So vicariously "l'art console de la vie."

In some votive chapel in Tuscany a mural painting by one of the earlier masters is sometimes discovered hidden underneath a coating of plaster which has kept it safe from mischance in almost its first freshness of colour; the fact of the discovery tends perhaps to confirm a tradition which has found its way into the earliest annalists as to a particular artist having worked in that same place. The news draws the critics together, and like a swarm of bees some of whom are intent to sip the new-found sweetness while others are buzzing as though disdainful of the quality of the feast, some accept it, others are suspicious of its origin or of the tradition which it tends apparently to confirm.

There is in King James's achievement in letters a quality somewhat analogous to those seen in work done under conditions of true fresco. The chroniclers in bearing witness to it summarise the evidence of tradition. The statements of Bower and Major, to which reference has already been made, are confirmed by later Scottish historians without anything

being added to the information given by the latter until the time of Buchanan, who states that the poems written in the English tongue are still extant and that they display the pre-eminence of his talent, though perhaps a more refined tone might be demanded. A more extended list of works is found in Bale's Catalogue of the Illustrious Writers of Greater Britain, issued in 1557. James is there stated to have composed "finished poems in the vernacular, and in Latin after the manner of his age, " poems irregular and confused but packed with " serious thought ; and among others while a " prisoner in England he composed in the " English tongue 'On his future wife' one " book ; Scottish Songs one book ; Latin " Rhythms one book, and others which are " approved of by many."

Yet further additions to the list of James's works, "a book of most just laws" and one on music, are made half a century later by Dempster in an ecclesiastical history of Scotland. These expanding lists cannot, however, be considered of much importance in the absence of corroborative testimony. In the preface to the Works of James VI, edited by Bishop Montague, James I is referred to as

having written divers works both in English and Latin Verse and also "as Bale says, 'De uxore futura'"; it may fairly be inferred that James VI shared the knowledge possessed by his editor as to the works of his ancestor. Having thus noted the substance of tradition, let us to the scraping away of the plaster !

About the middle of the eighteenth century a copy of a work in all respects identical with that "ingenious little book about the queen," which Major had mentioned in his history upwards of two centuries previously, "*artificiosum libellum de regina dum captivus erat composuit*," was observed by a Bishop of St. Asaph as existing in a volume of poetical pieces in the Selden manuscripts at the Bodleian. He inserted a reference to it in a list of King James's works which he published in a catalogue, the list being derived from the works of Bale and Dempster. As a consequence of this notice an edition of the poem was printed in the year 1783, and this has been followed by several others, the most notable being that edited by Professor Skeat in 1884 for the Scottish Text Society.

The manuscript in which it occurs contains twelve poems and was written by Scottish

scribes during the latter half of the fifteenth century. Ten of the poems are there ascribed to Chaucer, five of these not being now included in the Chaucer Canon. The ascription to King James is clear and circumstantial: "Heirefter
"followis the quair maid be King James of
"Scotland ye first, callit ye Kingis Quair and
"maid when his Ma. wes in Ingland." The colophon, which with the latter part of the poem is by a different scribe from the beginning, is equally definite as to authorship:—

"Explicit &c. . . .

quod Jacobus primus Scotorum rex Illustrissimus."

The case recently presented against the royal authorship has caused a closer study to be made of the volume in which the poem is found, and this has brought to light a fact which greatly enhances the value of the ascription of the scribes in the case of this particular poem. The volume was formerly in the possession of the husband of a lineal descendant of the King. An inscription states that it belonged to Henry Lord Sinclair, who fell at Flodden. He was succeeded by his son William, whose name, together with that of his wife Elizabeth Sinclair, "written by her own hand," is found

in its pages. Elizabeth Sinclair, formerly Elizabeth Keith, was the great granddaughter of James the First. Her husband was descended in a similar degree from that Earl of Orkney who was with James when he was taken prisoner. The various signatures of the possessors point to the volume having been regarded as an heirloom.

The latest editor of the poem states that the title is not in the handwriting of any of the scribes of the manuscript volume, and that all experts are agreed that it is later in date. This is not borne out by the results of the examination of the volume by Professor A. H. Millar, which appeared in the *Athenæum* in 1896. If, however, the title be of later date, then the time at which it was inserted was presumably within the compass of the term during which the volume was in the possession of the Sinclair family, and in this case, by reason of their close relationship with the King, the title possesses not a less but a greater claim to consideration.

Certain considerations against accepting the statement of tradition and of the manuscript as to the authorship of the poem were presented by Mr. J. T. T. Brown in *The Authorship of the Kingis Quair, A New Criticism*, issued in 1896.

A careful study of the somewhat voluminous literature of the controversy which followed on the appearance of Mr. Brown's book, leaves me an unrepentant Jacobite in whose honest judgment it would seem that in no case has tradition emerged more unscathed from the fire of scientific criticism than in that of the title of the King to be considered as the author of the poem.

Among the defenders of tradition the name of M. Jusserand is pre-eminent. His essay "*Jacques Ier d'Écosse fut-il poète ?*" demonstrates anew the value of the old alliance. It meets the attack all along the line. It would be unjust to the strength of the case as presented by Mr. Brown to attempt to summarise it. It is a cogent piece of reasoning—clear, precise, forensic. The impression it creates is that left rather by an advocate who handles evidence with great ability, but always with the one fixed purpose, than by a student content to observe the natural relation of facts. To view all the references of later historians and others as not in any way confirming Major's testimony is not a natural interpretation of them, nor is it natural to discount the value of Major's statements, because modern critics have not agreed in identifying two of the poems which he mentions. The

exigencies of the theory lead the author of it to assume that James would have so far forgotten his mother tongue as to be unable to use a northern dialect after eighteen years of captivity, although he was probably eleven years of age when he left Scotland, and was attended throughout his captivity by Scottish servants. A certain artificiality of diction apparent to Professor Skeat, which would be entirely natural in view of the different influences of James's upbringing, is deemed by Mr. Brown to be very much overstated. Philological criticism must be largely a matter for experts. Neither Professor Skeat, when editing the poem, nor Sir James Murray, when using it as material for his essay on the "Dialects of the Southern Counties of Scotland," found anything in the diction to suggest that it was other than the work of a Scotchman who had been a prisoner for a long time in England.

The autobiography in the poem is put on trial and found to be in error ; but if errors there are, they are such as the King might easily have committed. The exact year of the King's birth M. Jusserand shows to be a matter, not of documentary fact, but only of strong presumptive evidence. The year in which the captivity commenced is also a matter of some uncertainty.

The Scotch record says in April 1405. The English references place it a year later, and there is strong reason for thinking the latter date correct.

The poem states that at the time of the capture he was—

“Noght fer passit the state of innocence,
“Bot nere about the nowmer of yeris thre.”

“The state of innocence” is held to terminate at seven years, so the poet’s circumlocution means “somewhere about ten,” whereas on the most probable showing his real age was eleven and three-quarters. Set out of the count the question of poetic licence, and the possible exigencies of rhyme, although there is sometimes truth in the adage that—

“Rhymes the rudders are of verses
“Wherewith like ships they steer their courses !”

The fact remains that the poet in stating his age at the time of his captivity some eighteen years after it occurred, makes an error of at least a year ! This is the chief of the inaccuracies in the autobiographical part of the poem. It is an insecure ground on which to impugn the evidence of tradition.

The latest editor of the *Kingis Quair*, Professor Lawson, who is also against the theory of the royal authorship, is constrained to admit that "if regard is had merely to Mr. Brown's pleas, "and the answers made to them, it can scarcely "be disputed that he has in the main the worst "of the argument." "Certainly," he adds, "he has not proved his case." Professor Lawson only arrives at his conclusions after many searchings of heart. The decisive factor is, he thinks, the fact that the poem regarded as autobiography is marked by strange omissions. He refers to the poet's manifest ignoring of any prison but one as Mr. Brown's strongest plea, which he does not press sufficiently, and points to other details about the King's life in captivity, known to us from records, which are not referred to in the poem, such as the periods of time spent at Court, or in the train of the Queen, or in military service, and the meagre treatment of the incidents of his departure from Scotland, capture, and imprisonment.

The poet's function is to write poetry, and every poet must be allowed to select his own materials. For the reason why the writer of this poem did not insert all these details, which a biographer doubtless would have done, we need

not seek beyond Professor Lawson's own words : "while," he says, "the Kingis Quair is based to a certain extent upon a passage in the life of King James, it is substantially an allegory and sermon upon the blameworthiness of mere appetite, and upon the necessity for the co-operation of passion, wisdom, and good fortune if marriage is to be happy."

This does not at all contradict the theory of James's authorship, since a king, like any other man, may write in allegory. It does, however, assume such fundamental unity of scheme as a work of art should possess, and consequently the poet as moralist is proof against the irrelevancies of reminiscence.

The autobiography of fact is necessarily confined within small compass, because it concerns only a small part of the scheme of the poem. It treats of the circumstances which brought about the captivity, and of the first vision of the lady who afterwards became the Queen. In the latter case, the light in which the poet sees is so refulgent that the facts assume the iridescent hues of fantasy.

After the vision has passed, the poet falls asleep and dreams.

There are some rather arid wastes in the long

allegory which forms the larger half of the poem, in which he visits in dream the palaces of Venus and Minerva and holds long colloquies with the goddesses as to how to obtain a successful issue to his suit, and then, returning to earth, beholds Fortune with her revolving wheel and is bidden by her to climb upon it. These were the conventional properties of the mediæval poet, and it must be confessed that they sometimes offered a more engaging result than in the present instance. Yet, notwithstanding this, the *Kingis Quair* is one of the precious things of literature in the picture which it presents of the coming of love. The poet is a captive in his cell, wearied yet sleepless, reading first from Boethius' treasure of consolation, and after being refreshed from that spring at which so many captives have drunk, setting out to write the story of his misfortunes; and while thus engaged, he happens to look out from the window upon a walled garden, and there hears the song of the nightingales, who, as they sat on the small green twigs, sang the hymns consecrated to the use of love so loudly that the walls and the garden rang with their song :—

CANTUS

"Worschippe ye that loueris bene, this May,
 For of your blisse the kalendis are begonne,
 And sing with vs, away, Winter, away !
 Cum, Somer, cum, the suete sesoun and sonne !
 Awake for schame ! that haue your hevynnis
 wonne,
 And amorously lift vp your hedis all,
 Thank Lufe that list you to his merci call."

The words led the listener to consider as to
 the nature of love, and while he was thus con-
 sidering he looked down again and saw walking
 in the garden beneath him

"The fairest or the freschest yonge floure
 That ever I sawe, me thoght, before that houre,
 For quhich sodayn abate, anon astert,
 The blude of all my body to my heart."

When he can utter speech it is in a maze of
 wonder such as that that filled Ferdinand at
 sight of Miranda :

"A ! suete, ar ye a warldly creature,
 Or hevinly thing in likenesse of nature ?

"Or ar ye god Cupidis owin princesse,
 And cummyn are to louse me out of band ?
 Or ar ye verray Nature the goddesse,

That haue depaynted with your hevinly hand
This gardyn full of flouris, as they stand?
Quhat sall I think, allace ! quhat reuerence
Sall I minister to your excellence?

“ Gif ye a goddesse be, and that ye like
To do me payne, I may it noght astert ;
Gif ye be warldly wight, that dooth me sike,
Quhy lest God mak you so, my derrest hert,
To do a sely prisoner thus smert,
That lufis yow all, and wote of noght bot wo?
And therefor, merci, suete ! sen it is so.”

Gazing upon her, his mood is changed into transports of delight, and he tells of the wonder of her dress fretted with jewels, and of the “chaplet fresch of hewe” of plumes nodding like flowers that decked her head ; and midway in this fond catalogue of the belovéd’s charms a tribute to the lady herself wells up from a heart of adoration :—

“ And, above all this, there was, wele I wote,
Beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote.”

The last line—perfect as an epitome of lover’s rapture—might stand in the presence of those which Marlowe placed in the lips of Faustus when the vision of Helen passed before his eyes.

Almost the identical words, as M. Jusserand has remarked, were used by Des Grieux of the

charms of Manon Lescaut,—these, he says, were enough to “ramener l’univers à l’idolâtrie.”

In the concluding stanza of the Kingis Quair the author commends the work to the hymns of his dear masters, Gower and Chaucer :

“Unto the Impnis of my maisteris dere
 Gowere and Chaucere, that on the steppis satt
 Of rethorike, quhill thai were lyvand here,
 Superlatiue as poetis laureate
 In moralitee and eloquence ornate,
 I recommend my buk in lynis seven,
 And eke thair saulis vn-to the blisse of hevin.”

The debt thus handsomely acknowledged is more readily apparent in the case of Chaucer than Gower. In the case of the latter it is seen in the gravity of tone of the whole poem : the debt to Chaucer is of phrase and incident.

In the great passage of the poem—the description of the lady walking in the garden—the poet has been helped by the similar vision in Chaucer’s “*Knichtes Tale*,” the vision seen “on a morwe of May,” of Emelye,

“than fairer was to sene
 Than is the lillie upon his stalke grene,
 And fressher than the May with floures newe . . .
 Er it were day, as was hir wone to do,
 She was arisen, and al redy dight
 For May wol have no slogardye a-night . . .

And in the gardin, at the sonne up-riste,
She walketh up and down, and as hir liste
She gadereth floures, party whyte and rede,
To make a soutil garland for hir hede,
And as an aungel hevenly she song."

A fundamental difference in this passage in Chaucer is that the vision was seen by two prisoners in the Tower. It was Palamon who looked down first and saw—

"And ther-with-al he bleynte and cryde 'a!'
As though he stongen were un-to the herte."

To Arcite also the sight was as a wound, so that he cried out piteously,

"The fresshe beautee sleeth me sodeynly
Of hir that rometh in the yonder place;
And, but I have hir mercy and hir grace,
That I may seen hir atte leeste weye,
I nam but deed; ther nis namore to seye."

But there is soon plentiful debate between the two, each asserting his right to precedence; Palamon on the ground that he loved first and told his brother of his woe, and that Arcite was therefore bound as knight to help him in his suit, Arcite maintaining that the other had not known whether the vision was of a woman or a goddess, and consequently the feeling aroused in

him had been only "affeccioun of holinesse," while his, on the contrary, "is love, as to a creature."

So they make great argument, and the upshot of it all is that the two become mortal foes, and the rest of the tale is somewhat more intimately concerned with their contests than with the thoughts that either cherished concerning the lady Emelye. The tale is told by the greatest master of narrative in English poetry, and it runs evenly and smoothly to its close, adapting with sure touch the lineaments of the world of mediæval manners to that fabled world of chivalric romance in which the gods become visible and take sides in the affairs of mortals. The scene of the Kingis Quair being in a less remote country, the poet can only display such intervention by the medium of a dream. Here the touch is less direct, and, in consequence, less potent than in the waking vision. Like a river that almost loses itself in a delta before at last it runs to sea, the poem meanders [?] to its close. Chaucer, by contrast, knew how to keep the stream strong and whole. If, however, only such parts of each poem be considered as instinctively occur to the mind at the thought of comparison,—those which describe the almost

identical scene when the lady first appears walking in the garden,—it will be found to be the Kingis Quair which possesses the rarer charm and the deeper impressiveness. The simplicity, the dewy freshness, and the naïveté of the scene, the mingled timidity, awe, and passion which strive together for mastery in the lover's breast—these are as constant in the memory as are certain passages of rare and flower-like beauty in Aucassin and Nicolette. As the delicate artistry of the famous song-story contrasts with the fuller canvases—the richly-hued romances of the great mediæval poet of chivalry, Chrétien de Troyes; or as the timid, bird-like note of the earliest art of Raphael, in that vision, at once wistful and joyous, of the knight lying asleep with two figures standing above him offering the gifts of his dream—the gifts of the two ways of life—contrasts with those full, rich pageants, stately with Umbrian solemnity and the pride of nuncios, which Pinturicchio wrought upon the walls of the Library of Siena; even so the scene in the Kingis Quair presents a contrast to the vivacity and geniality of tone and richly decorative quality of the poem of Chaucer.

The lines stand away from their setting with a vitality more self-subsistent.

Where the one has

“ And ther-with-al he bleynte and cryde ‘a !’
As though he stongen were un-to the herte,”

the other moves how much more deeply with

“ sodayn abate, anon astert,
The blude of all my body to my hert.”

Chaucer's description of the lady creates a picture of radiant womanhood. The dewes of the May morning are scarce brighter as they glitter in the sun than is the impress of that vision traced with consummate art. But the Quair has the more haunting quality. The lover cannot say as much, but a deeper note of passion vibrates through his lines.

“ Beautee eneuch to mak a world to dote.”

When did ever poet pay homage more fervent or more complete ?

The sincerity of high passion in winning words to its uses chooses them so that they become the inevitable words of the spirit. They thus serve as the touchstone of its quality.

Not in dreams but in waking vision, the poet of the Kingis Quair stands for a moment on the pinnacle. Yet it was largely circumstance that made the poet. In the solitude of captivity

the mastering power of love had led his steps upward. Liberty and attainment brought other vistas. Primarily he was a king to govern, and this too upon an urgent hour.

Rossetti puts the plaint of it into the lips of the Queen when she ended her long vigil.

“And ‘O James!’ she said,—‘My James!’ she said,—

“‘Alas for the woful thing,

“That a poet true and a friend of man,

“In desperate days of bale and ban,

“Should needs be born a King!’”

MEMORIES OF THE ROAD

I.—NOTRE-DAME DE SOUS-TERRE (CHARTRES)

“ LIKE a ship for ever a-sail in the distance,
“ thought the child, everywhere the great
“ church of Chartres was visible with the pass-
“ ing light or shadow upon its grey, weather-
“ beaten surfaces.”

Eight bells ! The sky is cloudless. The air is trembling with the coming heat of a May morning. All around the shimmer of the moving cornfields of La Beauce is like a vast expanse of waters smitten by the sun. High above these the great galleon rides motionless. I have climbed up into the rigging and look down as through a mass of spars and cordage to the deck and quaintly carved taffrail. There are nearer carvings beneath and all around, for despite its aerial grace the cordage is of stone. How rich it is, how infinite in variety ! Frond

and leaf and vine tendril are twisting and wreathing over crocket and corbel. In the niches and angles of the columns are the trailing stems of the vines,—so green with lichen are some that you might easily forget that they are of stone.

Crouching in malice beneath statues, bowed by the weight of saints which rest upon them, peering above them in triumph, are dogs and elves and pigmies and dragons and salamanders, and a host of the strange creatures which walk or creep or crawl in heraldry according to their fashion. They are a witness that the goat-footed has been present at the making. Within the church below is sanctity as of a great primordial shrine, yet there the stones bear the marks of his presence ; but without—where airy pinnacles strain skywards and saints are ranged in statuary—there grim shapes and writhing forms are mingled, there everywhere is Pan's emblazonry.

Far away below are seen the roofs of the town. The tiles once red are dusty and grey with immemorial lichen. The white spaces of street and square are broken by the green of the chestnut trees which are all in flower.

They make deep shadow, but as seen from

far above the trim little round heads seem more prosperous than dignified, each so distinct yet all clustering together as in some of the early German wood-cuts.

Beyond the tiles of the houses and the tops of the trees that stand by river and road and garden, are the roads which wander away into the wide meadows of La Beauce. There are no hills where they may wander, only a vast expanse of mead and tree; so they make for the sky-line,—one straight and hurrying, cleaving a path impetuously through woods as it goes; it is bound for Paris, Paris in the spring! “Paris worth a mass,” and it can endure no tarrying; but the others have no such end in view, and it is a long way to the sky-line, so they go more leisurely and turn at times and look behind, and pause by woods and rivulets as roads ever love to do in spring, and there they hear birds singing.

To descend from the aerial spires and enter the church beneath them is not to lose the pervading consciousness of immensity of space which the height engenders; it suffers transference from the vaulted dome of the sky and the infinite expanse of the plain to the far recesses of the columned nave and the high

o'erarching timbers of the roof. The light, dim by contrast to eyes sated with ethereal radiance, is rich with the glow of storied windows, whose many hues combine to form a harmony of colour such as is seen only in the work of mediæval craftsmen, and which it may be conjectured has become softer and more mellow with the passing of the centuries. Its low vibrant tones seem to create melodies which come fitfully to the ear and then recede into the winding galleries, and there tarry, reluctant ever to leave their shadowy depths. So it comes to pass that eye and ear alike are quickened by a sense of mystery.

The names of the designers of the glass have passed beyond record. Their work stands as a picture-chronicle of the acts of Christian faith wrought in colours of gem-like consistency. The curious may read a list of various guilds by whom some of them were bestowed, and not a few are found to be due to the munificence of S. Louis, who was present at the consecration of the cathedral in 1260. There is a certain natural fitness in the fact that the gifts of the royal saint seem to enshrine something of the fervour of mediæval faith.

The dignity and majesty of mediæval art are

nowhere more apparent than in the treasures of sculpture which surround the choir and the serried rows of saints that stand as sentinels within the porches. They reveal the naïve delight of their makers in the presentment of life in its infinite variety, tempered and controlled by an ever-present consciousness of purpose which causes them to seem to those who enter within the doors as interpreters of the essential humanity of these things.

As a casket studded with jewels and enriched with carved ivories serves but to contain a handful of dust or bones more precious far than all these to those who treasure it, so the whole church with all its Gothic solemnity and richness of decoration within and without, is but as it were a shrine set about a space of earth which tradition has dowered with a crowning wonder.

Near the centre of the great crypt, which is the most extensive of any in France, one of the many small chapels is known as the chapel of Notre-Dame de Sous-Terre. It marks a site which, according to the earliest chronicles of the church, was prophetically consecrated to the worship of the Virgin Mary a century before the Christian era; for there tradition has it

that in a grotto within a sacred grove the Druids had set up a wooden statue on which was the inscription "Virgini Pariturae." "To the Virgin who shall give birth."

Christianity, when it came, came not to destroy, but to fulfil.

So we read that the first missionaries, who came to Gaul in the year 67, sent Aldin and Eodald from Sens to preach the faith at Chartres, and they made converts there, and the grotto of the Druids is believed to have served as a temple for the first Christians. In course of time, as the number of these increased, a small church was built above it, and this was dedicated to the Virgin Mary. It was destroyed at the time of the first persecution, and after this, between the fourth and the eleventh century, the church was rebuilt and burned down no less than four times, the destruction being due once to lightning, on the other occasions being an act of warfare. After the burning of the fifth church the cathedral was commenced by Bishop Fulbert in 1020. This also was in great part destroyed by fire at the close of the twelfth century, and was then replaced in stone by the present structure, which is thus the seventh Christian church erected over the site of the grotto of the Druids. By the

fifteenth century the tradition of its origin is found in the sober hue of fact in a royal ordinance of Charles VII, in which the church is described as "the most ancient in the kingdom, founded prophetically in honour of the glorious Virgin Mary before the Incarnation of Our Lord Jesus Christ."

Whereas seven churches have arisen Phoenix-like, one from the ashes of another, above the site of the grotto, the records make mention only of two successors of the statue set up there by the Druids. The first of these is believed on stylistic grounds to have been made in about the eleventh century, probably at the time when Fulbert built the first cathedral. It perished in the excesses of the Revolution, being burnt in December 1793, in a bonfire in front of the royal door of the cathedral, which had been converted into a Temple of Reason in the previous month. Strange offering to the goddess newly enthroned !

Some fifty years ago there was placed in the chapel a modern statue of the Virgin and Child on the model of the preceding one. On the base of it, as on that of its predecessor, are engraved the words of the Druid inscription, the words of mystic fulfilment—

"VIRGINI PARITURAE."

The last day of May is one of the great days of festival in Chartres. It is the anniversary of the coronation decreed by Pope Pius IX of the famous statue of the Black Virgin of the Pillar or the Virgin of the Miracles. On the evening of that day the cathedral is brilliantly illuminated, and the statue is carried in procession by eight priests in dalmatic. The statue is of the end of the fifteenth century. It is wrapt round in a vestment so that only the heads of the Virgin and Child are visible. It escaped destruction at the time of the Revolution because it had been placed in the crypt two years previously, and the statue of Notre-Dame de Sous-Terre brought up and set in the cathedral in its place. It has always been held in great veneration. Many hearts are suspended before it, and lamps are continually burning in token of its healing power.

It was the great day of intercession and thanksgiving! For hours the cathedral was filled with a vast moving concourse, among whom slowly the procession defiled round the church. The rise and fall of the sound of voices singing alone sufficed to show how great was the space it traversed. I heard the recurrent ringing of the sacring-bell. I saw the swaying of the censers, the thick odorous clouds of incense rising to be

lost in the far recesses, and dimly seen through these the host of moving lights seemed like stars reflected in water shaken by the wind.

The voices rose and fell in unison, stirred by one impulse, swayed by one ecstasy. High above, without, in the utter stillness of the night, where the great towers grope skyward, the wide-mouthed gargoyles bayed the moon.

Far beneath in the Druids' grotto a lamp glimmered.

II.—MAGAGNOSC (ALPES MARITIMES)

The road in the sunlight is as white as the frost-flakes of the almond-blossom. Whiter by far than the leaves of the olives that ruckle and twist and gleam like silver, coquetting with the sun; for they turn at its touch, and the little spears all tremble and dance away, and the shiver of light is dulled in dust.

Dust-laden surely is the white and grey of the olive's under-leaf! High on the hill-side now! The road wanders away below unheeded. Not even the mistral could carry its dust so far. Yet here too is the dust of the under-leaf of the olive!

To look up through the olives to see the

fantasy they make of the sun is as though one sees it through old glass which has long been buried. There is just such a mist of colour as the light beats on the leaves that would enshroud its presence—that would vainly enshroud the living—and rends its cere-cloths in pieces, darting, leaping, flashing from spear-point to spear-point, touching the silver with rose and gold.

Yet the olives are strong, although they tremble, for they wrestle with the tresses of the sun and make fitful shadow, and in their shadow the earth is carpeted with violets.

Miles on miles of olives! Miles on miles of violets under the olives! Persephone, Persephone, here, not in plains of Enna, thou shouldst have wandered! Here the scent had lulled Pluto to forget his purpose!

All kinds of violets are growing there. "Beds of violets blue." The big dark violets, the white violets, the double violets, the small wild violets which have the sweetest scent of all. Very precious is the harvest. Often when one sees the peasants walking along the lanes, bearing big bundles or carrying sacks upon their shoulders, the fragrance that heralds their coming, and lies in the air behind them along the high-walled or embowered lanes, tells that

they are carrying a load of violets to the scent factory at Grasse. There the essence is distilled, and you may buy of it in Cannes or Paris or London. But never the Provençal fragrance. Never the arrowy odour that parts the earth-breath and is made one with the whisperings under the olives. That can never be transmitted or recaptured.

The sun drops behind the ridge of the Tanneron, and all the colours of the sunlight go. The violets have folded up their leaves. The olives are more sombre and grey ; they are still trembling, for the touch of the wind has grown moist and cold. Down in the valley a mist has risen, suddenly, almost imperceptibly, and it has crept up the hill-side, bearing the shadow of things before it. On the road which glistened in the sunlight the mist lies like a shadow, grey, changing to blue as the light fades from the sky.

The change has come quite suddenly. You had never noticed how near the sun was to the ridge of the Tanneron. You were dreaming under the olives while it was lighting the crests of the pines with fire.

How long is it that you have stayed dreaming? Surely the revels of a long spring day are ended.

Then time recalls realities ; that it is not May, but January, in the rest of the world, and January here also, except during the time of the sunlight, when the exiled spring returns as a fitful visitant to make revelry, while high above to the north the great hills are set as silent sentinels.

The May-Spirit, the spirit of youth, as fragile as it is fair, is the *genius loci* of Provence.

When at night the wind stirs the olives there is a long shudder as they bow before it, and this is followed by a rustle and whisper of tiny voices as the leaves spring back again. The burden of the song, held long on the opening note, is "Ah ! si jeunesse savait."

III.—CAMPO SANTO (PISA)

With earth from Mount Calvary, fifty-three shiploads, the Archbishop Ubaldo de' Lanfranchi came back to Pisa from the Third Crusade. That was all the harvest of the labour of the Pisans. They brought back nothing else but the memory of prowess in arms, and new enmities one with another, and an added consciousness that in no union of purpose could the chivalry of England and France or the fleets

of Pisa and Genoa forget their feuds. So since there must be wars and fighting, it would surely be well for the Pisans that their dead should rest in holy ground, and therefore they did the Archbishop great honour when the fleet came back with its burden ; and they placed the earth in a space close by the Cathedral and the Baptistery ; and they built a cloister round it, with the walls and pavement all of marble of Carrara. The long aisles received light only through the inner wall, in which were a row of round, open arches decorated with Gothic tracery.

They are the work of Giovanni Pisano, and the fabric was completed in 1278. After which certain painters from Siena and Florence were commissioned to paint frescoes upon the inner surface of the outer wall. The identity of some of these is unknown, and the attribution of the greatest of the existing works—the “Triumph of Death” and the “Last Judgment”—is a matter of uncertainty, the science of the connoisseur here, as often elsewhere, having proved more potent to confound than to construct. The last painter employed was Benozzo Gozzoli, who completed a long series of scenes from the Old Testament in 1485. So the building and adorning of the Campo Santo continued for

nearly three hundred years after the return of the Archbishop Ubaldo with the sacred earth.

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Two marble pavements cross the green quadrangle, and in the centre, where they meet, a cross stands on an ivy-wreathed column. The ground is covered with grasses and shrubs, and roses, daffodils, violets, and other flowers may be found growing there. The scene serves to call to mind the words which Shelley used in describing the grave of Keats in the old Protestant cemetery at Rome—"an open space among the ruins, covered in winter with violets and daisies. It might make one in love with death to think that one should be buried in so sweet a place." Four old cypresses stood formerly at the corners of the quadrangle, imparting a peculiar majesty and solemnity to the scene. They were taller than the wall of arches, and they cast a deep shadow on the marble of its tracery and the grass of the quadrangle, which moved slowly as the shadow on the dial, traversing the cloister with the progress of the sun. Their deep colouring and outline, clear-edged against the sky, made all the herbage of the cloister appear by contrast soft and insubstantial.

Returning after an interval of some years, I found that all the cypress trees had gone, and in their stead were four little sickly shrubs, looking like old Christmas trees which had been overladen and could not quite recover from the season's revelry. On inquiry I was informed that one of the cypresses had been blown down by a storm during the previous winter, and that thereupon the Municipio had decided "a fare la simmetria" as regards the other three. Happily this passion for symmetry, always so much in evidence in Italian gardens, has not yet extended its activity from the quadrangle to the aisles to harry the slow-pacing feet of Time.

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A guide had brought a party of English tourists there whose time-table apparently allowed of ten minutes only for the cloister and the frescoes which it contains. The guide was assiduous, as well he might be. Few shepherd dogs could have kept a flock more united or headed off stragglers more pertinaciously. His English was voluble, but somewhat in the stage of the art of the pianist who is only at ease with set pieces, and he displayed a marked reluctance to comprehend or answer questions.

He brought the party to a standstill before the

fresco of the "Triumph of Death" for just such time as sufficed to point out first the grim bat-winged figure of Death with her scythe swinging in act to strike, and then the figures of Castruccio Castracani and a group of gay companions seated under an orange grove where minstrels are playing. One of the party put a query as to what the speaker thought they would say to that in the Academy. From his tone it was obvious that the questioner had an answer ready, but it remained unspoken. The guide had already moved on, and his reply took the form of a brief synopsis of the "Last Judgment."

IV.—THE COUNTRY OF THE BAMBINO

The city, living continually in thought of its past, does so with a certain rare and tender discrimination. The name most honoured in intimacy of daily usage is often not that of warrior, poet, or painter—although the frequent memorials serve as ample witness that these have been cradled there—but of one who, if pre-eminent during life, has been so by reason of purity, sanctity, and good endeavour, the lesson of whose life has been written by the Church

upon the book of her teaching. You may not visit the city without coming to know something of such acts of her faith ; to know is to reverence ; to reverence is perhaps unconsciously to believe. So in the city some who had once been numbered among her people, some tanner's daughter or serving maid, some monk who had suffered martyrdom, have seemed to be thought worthy by their fellows to be set in effigy at their altars in the presence of the Madonna and the Bambino, even as they are witnesses in the courts of heaven.

But in those lesser towns among the hills which have not given birth to any whose acts have sufficed to serve as such memorial, there the contadini lacking patrons of their own house seem bolder to approach to the Bambino. Not once nor twice, but just so often as they find time they go as though to the manger where the Bambino was laid. They too are shepherds, and they bring gifts. He must have a manger better than any of theirs.

They give of their substance. They bring gifts of their rude fashioning. Or, if perchance they may find any who fashion better, they set them to work. For the manger shall be as a temple, and the dome of it blue as is the dome

of God's house which the Bambino has left, and starred with gold even as the stars which sang together at his coming ; for the Bambino in his manger has more to do with heaven than with earth. Some of their troubles the Madonna would know far more about, and they could tell her without need of other patron, tell her while the Bambino lay asleep ; and she would listen and understand, and perhaps tell him when he wakened, or perhaps not since there was suffering enough in store for him without his being told of all these things. The walls of the temple should tell of the fellowship of saints. These things should be put for an example, and the painter's art should make the temple beautiful. But they never forgot that it was a manger, and that as the shepherds watching their flocks by night had gone just as they were to Bethlehem, so it was right that they should go without waiting for saints' days or holy days.

Of all Italian painters Pinturicchio has expressed most fully the peculiar naïveté and intimacy of the relationship thus created. In his art the gospel of the Infancy has its fullest effect upon the imagination, and it plays upon an entirely human chord. It is not the divine in the child but the human which is there

mirrored, and this with such radiant play of fancy as to waken the child in the beholder. It is unforgettably expressed in the exquisite *tondo* of the Holy Family now in the Academy at Siena, where, beside the seated figures of Mary and Joseph, Pinturicchio has represented Christ and St. John as two little children starting to run across a lawn of daisies. They are arm in arm, carrying a book and a staff and pitcher, the one in a garment of camel's hair, the other in a white flowered tunic which falls down to the feet and brushes the daisies as he runs.



Photo. Brogi.

THE CHILD CHRIST WITH ST. JOHN

By Pinturicchio.



THE PARDON OF THE SEA

My Brittany is tripartite. The names of it proceeding from east to west are Brittany of the Châteaux, Brittany of the Pardons, and Brittany of the Dolmens and Menhirs. The divisions might be indicated on a map by drawing two parallel vertical lines; but the lines should be drawn faintly, for the divisions have to do with matters of sentiment, and consequently they serve rather to suggest than to delimit; the facts themselves also have a way of transgressing, and at times they carry the boundaries with them; there are Châteaux, Pardons, Dolmens and Menhirs in plenty all over the length and breadth of Brittany. The divisions serve, however, to indicate the prevailing impression which the localities afford to the traveller. Of the three, that of the Châteaux is perhaps the least dominant; yet the roots of it were established in the age of Arthurian legend at Lannion, at Brocéliande, and at Joyous Garde. The last named

lies in the forest of Landerneau, amid a tangle of woodland, where the Elorn breaks westward to the sea. Two crumbling fragments of masonry, a vault and mediæval gateway shrouded thickly with ivy, are all that remain to mark the site of the first home of chivalry. The forest stillness is broken by the distant rumble of the train as it drones along the viaduct which spans the wooded depths, following the winding course of the river on its way to Brest.

After chivalry with its vision of the ideal came feudalism by a natural process of clipping of wings. Brittany of the Châteaux saw the inception of the one as a rule of conduct, and it was this same Brittany of the Châteaux which witnessed the last entrenchment of the other against the claims of a newer order when the Revolution dyed the province red with blood. But the tide rose and fell, and as it fell the old landmarks re-emerged. In essentials—in all except a few details of government and external conditions—Brittany is still in the middle ages. Many of the feudal châteaux with which the province abounds are now untenanted, and have been so since the days of the Terror. They stand mouldering in the woodlands, robed in the awful splendour of desolation and decay. The

vast ruins of the castle of Tonquedec, near Lannion, serve as a type of their magnificence.

In the fact of this splendour, perhaps by reason of it, the Châteaux and the whole of the feudal world for which they serve as a symbol, including even the good Duchess Anne and her Court, have more in common with the adjacent provinces, Normandy and Poitou, than with La Bretagne Bretonnante, the Brittany of Pardons and Menhirs. The manner of their building was akin to the Norman in stateliness and tranquillity, with some reflex of the grace and elegance of the châteaux of the Loire. The soul of the Breton people is by contrast wistful and austere. The Celtic races in Europe figure as visionaries. In the march of nations they tread softly, their eyes being filled with dreams. The dreams are of the future, but they are haunted by the phantasms of the past. By a certain mystic fervour in the profession of his faith, by a constant restlessness and pervading sense of world-strangeness the Breton shows his Celtic lineage. The shadows or phantasms of the past dominate his dreams; and in the wilder regions of the west—that remoter country—this domination is most supreme. There the shadows loom portentous carved in stone, holding in vassalage nature and men alike.

The vast monuments of the Druids seem more timeless than the unsculptured rocks around them. When Christianity came — whether brought direct from Rome to this *ultima terra*, or a-flower with monkish legends from the islands over-sea — it did not come so augustly as to render dim the witness of the older faith at Carnac.

The sense of mystery inherent in the symbols of the beliefs of a vanished race has been interpreted with impressive solemnity in art ; notably as regards the ceremonies of the Druids in certain of the canvases of Arnold Böcklin. "Heiliger Hain" attempts with deep imaginative sympathy to lift the veil which time has set about the Druids' grove of worship. So the famous "Die Toten-Insel" may be compared with the tradition of the Île de Sein, the island beyond the Point du Raz, which served the Druids as a place of burial. The island in Böcklin's haunting conception is a high rock embowered with cypresses in the deep shadow of which no winds intrude ; the Île de Sein is treeless, swept as a ship from bow to stern by the tempests of the Atlantic. The bay to the north of the Point du Raz is named the Bay of the Dead (des Trépassés). Nature there is wild and desolate, and the waves lash the base of the

great cliffs with perpetual menace. It was from there that the boats of the Druids crossed over to the island with their cargoes ; it is the moment of the landing of such a boat that Böcklin has chosen in "Die Toten-Insel."

In these remoter bays of Brittany, as in those of the opposite shores of Lyonesse, not all the glamour of the sun or the scent of the west wind blowing from the sea can ever quite suffice to dispel the tyranny of the past. It still remains insistent. It towers above and subjugates thought, and leads it away in captivity among the memories of far-off legendary things, as captives might be led before some dim-lit shrine of their captor's gods.

Here, as in Lyonesse, traditions tell of submerged cities. Emile Souvestre in *Les Derniers Bretons* says that the pilots used to show the remains of one of these at a distance from Penmarc'h ; Druid altars might be seen at low tide fathoms deep beneath the waters, above which on one day in every year down to the close of the eighteenth century the priests performed the office of the mass, while the inhabitants from all the surrounding country assembled together in boats and joined in the prayers. Such a scene of Christian service over the site of a Druid shrine exemplifies that kinship of sym-

pathy which exists between the Brittany of the Menhirs and that of the Pardons. By virtue of this kinship the rude mediæval carvings of the Apostles, which are found adorning one of the megalithic monuments, would seem to have no savour of irreverent zealotry but almost to form one harmonious whole with the purpose of the first carver. In such records as there are of the faith which passed there is no trace of bitterness in passing. As a type may be cited the utterance to St. Guennolé of the Druid, who ministered to the needs of King Grallon when sick to death in the forest, and was chosen as the bearer of his dying wishes as to the site of his church: "do not all tracks lead to the same great centre?" When the Celts of Brittany embraced the tenets of Christianity they received them as children, and with a childlike inconsequence they adapted many of the customs of the older faith; of this transference the great festivals or Pardons form a living record. Were those altars above which the priests went to offer sacrifices submerged by a doom such as that which befell the city of Is, once the capital of Grallon, King of Cornouailles? Such a thought may have been present in the minds of many of those who gathered

to hear the mass over the submerged altars, for all were of the number of those "that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters," and the shore of their out-going and home-coming was grim and pitiless, and in the account of the destruction of the city of Is with which tradition had made them familiar the sea is found appearing as the instrument of the wrath of God. The narrative possesses something of the true epic quality. The figure of King Grallon, the gentle doting father, wandering in his old age homeless in forest fastnesses as a consequence of the wickedness of his daughter Dahut or Ahés, has not a few of the same elements of tragic pathos as characterise King Lear. Grallon died at the beginning of the sixth century and was buried in the crypt of the abbey of Landevennec, where his tomb may still be seen, and some of the incidents of his story as it has come down to us may be considered as fact and some as legend. The account of the debauchery of Dahut reads as a page from the decadence of Rome. She grasped the reins of government, and in so doing became the chief actor in the doom which befell the city. It was protected against the sea by a powerful dyke, and the gates were opened once

every month to allow of the entrance of sufficient water for the needs of the inhabitants. King Grallon used to preside at this ceremony, and the silver key which opened the principal sluice was kept suspended round his neck. Dahut, however, succeeded in gaining possession of this key and opened the sluice so that the sea rushed in. King Grallon, being warned by the monk Guennolé to escape, thought immediately how to save his daughter and bore her with him on his horse pursued by the waves, until a miraculous voice was heard commanding him to cast her off. Either he obeyed or Dahut rolled off into the water terror-stricken at the divine command, and immediately the progress of the waves was stayed. The water then covered over the site of the city of Is. M. Anatole le Braz, in whose "*Au pays des Pardons*" the legendary lore of Brittany has found its latest and most sympathetic interpreter, argues that the true origin of the myth is to be found in the fact that the allurements and treacheries of Dahut are exactly those of the sea, and that its mystery is thus personified in Breton tradition.

After Grallon abandoned his daughter to the relentless fury of the waves, she has continued

to dwell within them as a spirit, beautiful and merciless, and she avenges her abandonment upon all mankind. Even now according to tradition the shadowy apparition of the old king is to be seen sometimes in the lanes of the western country seeking for a sympathetic listener to the tale of his sorrows, and as the village folk hear it and come to know who it is who is speaking they cross themselves for fear of the wrath of Mary Morgan, the cruel fairy who lives in the sea. The strife engendered of the two goes on perpetually, and not all Grallon's anguish can ever avail to placate the white-fanged menace, before which man's utmost strength is puny and his defence frail. So the traditional prayer of the Breton sailors while passing through the channel beyond the Point du Raz is said to be "*Mon Dieu, protégez moi, mon navire est si petit et votre mer si grande !*"

The living Brittany is Brittany of the Pardons. These great Parochial festivals which are attended by vast concourses of people dominate the national life in a manner to which history offers no exact parallel. They are undoubtedly pre-Christian in origin, and they have been regarded as the last vestiges of the ancient

Feasts of the Dead. Old now in immemorial usage, yet strange with the strangeness of unaccustomed things, they typify the soul of the Breton people. It is at once mystic, childlike, passionate and austere, and as such it finds in the Pardons its most complete expression. The names of some might serve as an inscription over the portals of the enchanted youth of the world. There were a strange insouciance else in the fact that men and women should meet together to celebrate "the Pardon of the Birds"! But nature to such is a book of holy doctrine, and all creatures have their patron and their day of intercession. At the Pardon of St. Eloi the horses are brought up to make obeisance before the statue of the saint; at that of St. Nicodemus, who is the patron of the oxen, all the cattle of the neighbourhood are bedecked with coloured ribbons and led in procession with the sound of music to his shrine; and in the wooded highlands near Huelgoat in the Chapel of St. Herbot, the saint who shares with St. Nicodemus the power of protecting cattle, the altar is piled high with the tails of the beasts which have been placed there as intercessory offerings during a long period preceding the days of the saint's Pardon. Such acts have a considerable

element of grotesqueness, but they are not therefore the less sincere. They reveal the influence of superstitious usage blended with a childish love of play; the spirit which dictates them has not a little in common with that which animated the monks of the Thebaid. Pietro Lorenzetti, whose episodic representation of the Thebaid in a fresco on a wall of the Campo Santo at Pisa is so charged with freedom of fancy and so natural in feeling, might have revelled in depicting the incidents of some of the Breton Pardons. There surely would have been a subject made to his hand!

Others of the Pardons, such as the famous Pardon of Fire which is held every year at the church of St. Jean du Doigt on the eve of St. John, seem to go back to such elemental mysteries as tax even the power of legend to interpret. Of a like antiquity perhaps is the Pardon of the Sea. Of all the various Pardons, whether grave or gay—and in the procedure of some there is evidence of a naïveté so exuberant as to place them most fitly under the latter rubric—none is so innate in the soil and in the people as is this Pardon of the Sea. It is the festival of the Church of St. Anne de la Palude, which stands among the sand dunes on the bay

of Douarnenez. Over beyond the circle of the waters is the pool of Laoual, where the waves lap idly above the stones of the buried city of Is. There the eternal combat sprang into being, and it would seem that the wind which blows across the bay whispers of it among the sand-dunes where every year a vast concourse of people meet together on the occasion of the most impressive of all Pardons—the Pardon of the Sea.

The pageant there enacted and the no less impressive assembly of the pilgrims, drawn together some as spectators of a mystery, some to a fair with mirth and carousal, some in sore affliction borne to the shrine of St. Anne to be healed by the water of her fountain,—these are all described by M. le Braz so graphically and with such ready variance of mood that each scene in the moving show seems wrought in the vivid texture of life. The pageant commences with a long train of figures sumptuously attired; each family is said to treasure up a special costume for the eldest daughter of the house to wear in the procession. These women in their magnificent dresses, who are described as “moving majestically along . . . among the chant of litanies and the muffled sound of drums,” seem at one

with the pomp and radiance of some Venetian ceremonial as seen in the works of her painters of the great period of her art: they are such as pass in stately line in the processional pictures of Gentile Bellini and Carpaccio. After these a group follows which, if it has fellowship in art, is linked with that more sombre spirit of the north which finds expression in grey skies and dark realities. We seem to pass as by one Colossus-stride from Carpaccio to Courbet. The genius which created the relentless "*l'Enterrement à Ornans*," a picture which may be said to have established a new standard of sincerity in French art, might have represented the procession of those who have been made widows by the sea, who walk in silence after all the pomp and splendour, dressed in grey, and bearing tapers which have been extinguished. Courbet would have wrought unfalteringly to reveal the union of tragic intensity and restraint, and the unavailing sense of pathos of that quiet company. Those saved from shipwreck follow after, dressed as on the day of their peril, and these in former years were accustomed first to plunge into the sea and then to walk with the water streaming from their garments.

II

When the river L  guer reaches the little town of Lannion, after leaving behind all the ch  teaux of its upper course, Tonquedec, Co  tfrec, and the rest, the relics of whose grandeur cause the woodlands through which it alternately rushes and dallies to glow as with perpetual autumn, it has done with the hinterland of romance, and putting aside at the same time the gay irresponsibility of its youth, it is content for the few miles of its journey westward to the sea to serve as a quiet highway for the fishermen of Lannion, whose boats it bears to and from the quays of the town. A short two miles below the town, when a third of its journey is accomplished, it passes by the little village of Loguivy ; this also has what serves as a quay, and contributes its tiny quota to the burden which the river carries to the sea. The place has no arch  ological or architectural interests, and in the matter of picturesqueness it is in no degree exceptional among Breton villages. The church, indeed, stands pleasantly a-tiptoe on a tiny hill, crowning two reaches of the river. It is built of granite, and is now seamed white and grey with lichen ;

but it would never be deemed worthy of a second glance either within or without by even the most conscientious of guide-book travellers, if, indeed, it ever figures in their category at all. There is no sculpture at all worthy of remark ; the roof is freshly slated, the glass of the windows is quite modern, and a statue of the "Virgin and Child" at the high altar, although hidden in a bank of shrubs and flowers, manages to look quite modern in spite of its covering. The interior is covered with whitewash, and the high timbered roof is arched like an old trireme. In the nave two models of ships hang suspended, as may often be seen in the church of places where the inhabitants get their living at sea. At the church of Notre Dame de la Clarté, near Perros Guirec, on either side of the high altar are two glass cases, within which is painted a stretch of blue sky with yellow, fleecy clouds, and in one a ship and in the other many ships are sailing over white, flaky waves, with all their sails spread and flying the tricolour ; they are placed there as votive offerings, or that "Our Lady" may in pity remember that they who gave them are fisher folk.

A small fair of quite an ordinary character was going on at Loguivy in a lane near to the

church, and this may have caused it to have more than its usual number of frequenters. The chairs were stacked in a great heap behind the pulpit, and there was a perpetual sound of the soft clattering of wooden shoes upon the stone flags as the people came to get their chairs. Some of them were quite young children, who seemed scarcely able to carry them at all, and these, after sitting still for a very few minutes like the grown-up people, went away and I suppose went back to the fair, and in a little while they came again; and so they went in and out continually, for the church seemed like a quiet corner in a village street, where all might come and go unheeded, and a big mastiff wandered through it without exciting any notice. The chairs were set so as to face the high altar, where the statue of the Virgin was half hidden in flowers. The people sat there in silence, some for a long time. There were men as well as women, and young as well as old, but the old women were the most numerous, and it seemed that they sat there the longest. They had white lace caps and black shawls, and they sat so quietly that the worn faces came at last to have something of the immobility of statuary; it seemed as though quivering flesh could never

know such perfect stillness; like shadows playing lightly over marble was the tremor of the lips moving in prayer. High above in the nave hung the two models of ships: their presence served to link the silent figures with those of "the widows of the sea" who form the most impressive feature in the procession of the great Pardon at St. Anne de la Palude. The other Pardons have their times and seasons and their devotees in a host that no man can number, but in Brittany the Pardon of the Sea is everywhere. Everywhere, where the need is sorest, where the shrine is and the prayer is offered up; for in the heart of God there is pity.

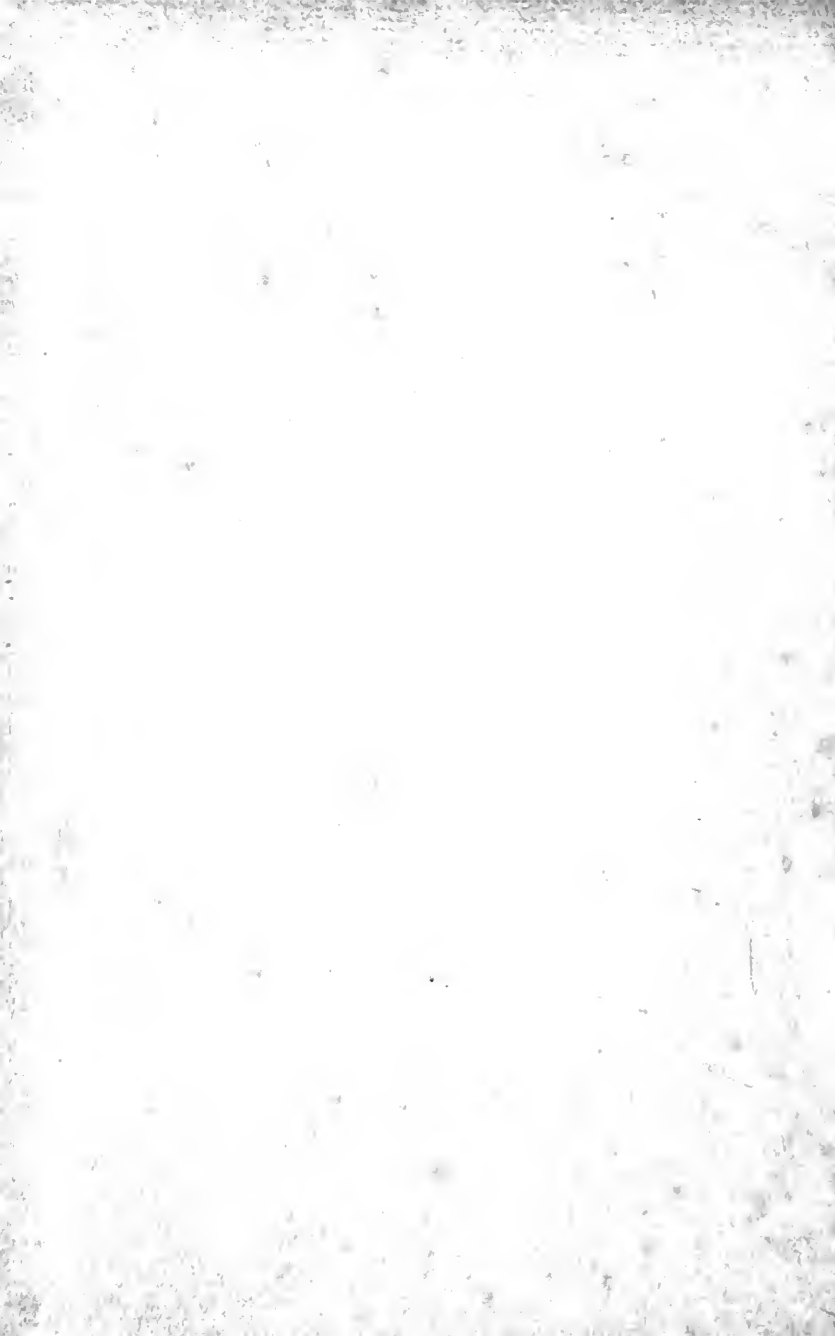
In a volume entitled *Chansons de Chez Nous*, by a living poet of Brittany, M. Théodore Botrel, the story of a widow, perhaps such a "widow of the sea," is told with a rare freshness and charm of language. The "Vœu a Saint Yves" is a lesser planet in the orb of poesy in which Heine glows refulgent. It has something of that quiet solemnity which suggests and conveys intensity of emotion, more subtly and impressively by reason of its restraint. The poem in its slighter fashion bears some analogy, both in subject and in the manner in which the action is unfolded, to the ballad of Heine, "The Pil-

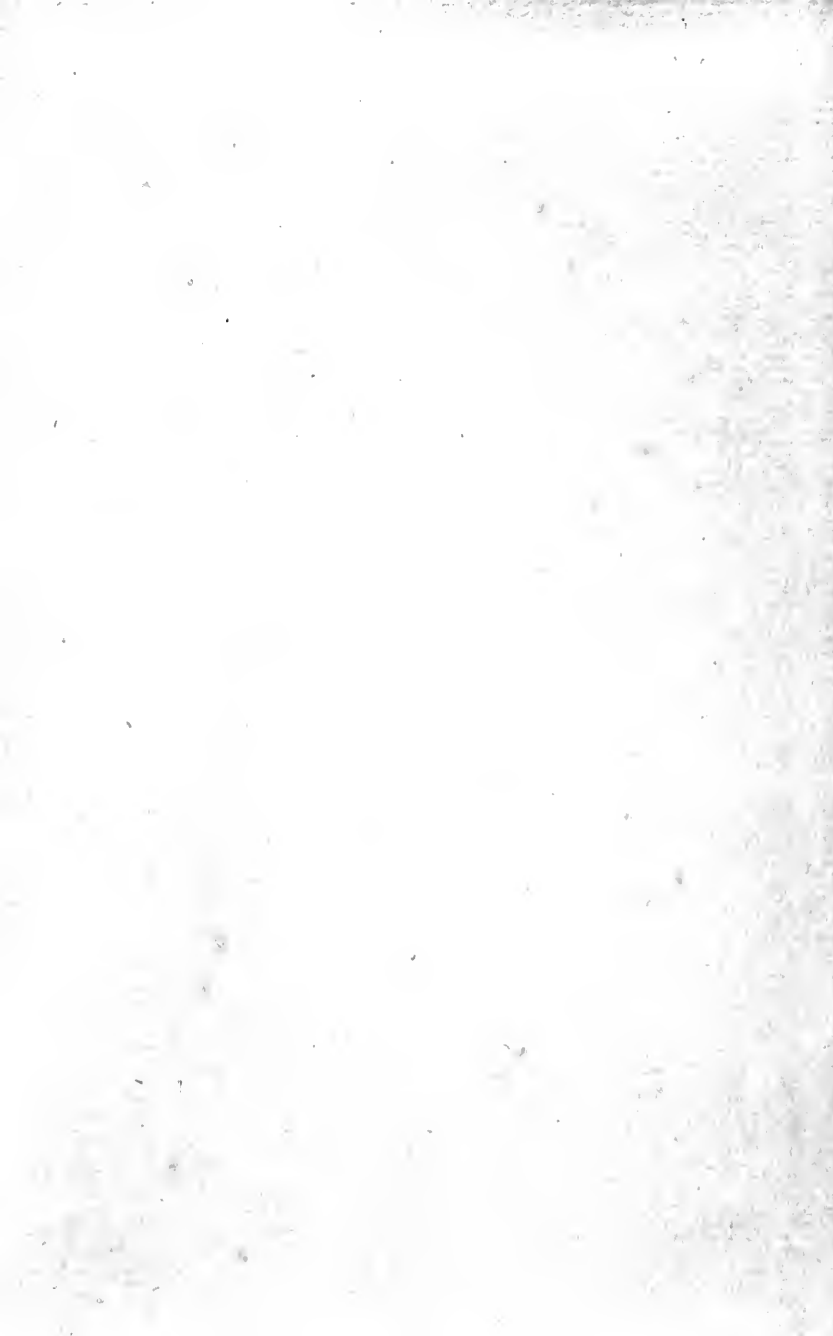
grimage to Kevlaar." The motive of each is of a pilgrimage undertaken by a mother for the sake of her son. Amid an almost endless category of Breton saints St. Ives has a certain pre-eminence. He has always been most in request by those who need intercession, and how highly he is held in veneration is shown by his sumptuous shrine at Tréguier and by the wayside reverence at the old tomb at Minihiy. He is the special patron of men of the law, but he is also looked upon as a redresser of wrongs and the protector of the humble, and a helper of those in trouble. So it is natural that the widow in the poem of M. Théodore Botrel, after a long time had passed without the return of her son, whom she had seen embark upon a big ship, should take a vow to make a ship and to go and offer it to St. Ives, the patron of "those who depart." The old woman made what choice she could of various things to serve as materials for the different parts of the ship, and when it was completed she set out barefooted to carry it to the shrine of the saint. The stages of the building of the ship and the final issue of her vow are described in lines which seem to enshrine something of the beauty and childlike simplicity of the Breton faith.

- “ For the hull of the ship (Turn in the wind ! Turn ! Turn !), the poor old woman in her sore need has taken her wooden shoe ;
- “ For the main-mast, the fore-mast, and the mizzen-mast of the ship she has taken three branches of furze ;
- “ For the yards of the ship she has broken quick as thought her knitting needles ;
- “ For the sails of the ship she cut the fine apron which she had upon her wedding day ;
- “ For the rigging of the ship, the stays and the shrouds, she cut off her beautiful white hair ;
- “ To finish the ship she christened it with her tears, and then she set in it the tricolour ;
- “ To bring luck to the ship she planted in the bow her little silver cross !
- “ Then at last she took the ship and set out bare-footed to carry it to St. Ives of Tréguier.
- “ For the widow and the ship (Turn in the wind ! Turn ! Turn !), Saint Ives prayed so earnestly to God that He brought back her son.”









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